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THE NATION

JULY 31-AUGUST 7, 1976 *50 cents*

Democratic Pageant:

The Networks' Flop

Blair Clark

'LEGAL' BUGGING? PROS & CONS OF S.3197

CHARLES MORGAN Jr.
SEN. EDWARD M. KENNEDY
CHRISTOPHER H. PYLE

Michael Stephens on S[redacted]

JUL 27 1976

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EDITORIALS

'Intelligence' Forever

The unpleasant likelihood that the famous "leak" of the suppressed House Select Committee on Intelligence report came from the executive, rather than the legislative, branch of our government has been vastly strengthened in recent days. The theory that this might be so is not new. As I.F. Stone and others, including this magazine, have observed, the leak perfectly served the ends of the CIA.

There has been so much leaking, counter-leaking, obfuscation, incompetence and plain lying about this affair that it is worth rehearsing the bare facts of the case before making a judgment on the latest developments. It will be recalled that, in Watergate's wake, Congress blossomed with righteous indignation at the abuses of the "intelligence community" which peeped out from under all the attempted cover-ups. The Congressional pose was that it never knew about all these scandalous activities by the imperial spies, even though several members of both houses had all the access to the essential information that they needed—all they lacked was the will to do something about it.

There came a proliferation of committees to probe and pry and tell all. One of them was the House Select Committee on Intelligence, headed by Rep. Otis Pike (D., N.Y.). The Pike committee spent months on the job, not to mention $1 million, and finally came up with a report. This committee was more free-swinging and less "statesmanlike" than its sober-sided Senate equivalent, headed by Sen. Frank Church (D., Idaho). In its rather brawling way, it poked into darker corners of the spy world than the Church group felt comfortable doing. Whereas Church and his colleagues worked hand in glove with the executive departments to produce a "responsible" reformist report (shocking as even that was), the Pike committee took an adversary stance almost from the start.

Bit by bit, it managed to extract nuggets of information on the blacker arts of spying, domestic and foreign, as practiced by the CIA and the FBI, among other agencies of the United States. The agencies dragged their feet, of course, resisting with all their considerable might the quite reasonable requests for enlightenment that came from the Pike committee. At last the committee produced a report, or rather several versions of a report, based on the scraps of information it had been able to wheedle and force out of the spy agencies.

From the CIA's standpoint, after all the battles over classification were done, the worst thing about the Pike report was the picture of bumbling ineffectiveness which emerged. The illegalities and outrageous subversions of constitutional government that were w[illegible]rge in it they could live with. They could not be[illegible]ved as amateurs, and grossly incompetent ones at that.

And so the Central Intelligence Agency conspired (not too strong a word) with the rest of the executive branch and with its friends in Congress to have the Pike committee report suppressed. All this, of course, was in the interests of "national security" and of an "effective, responsible intelligence system." It was the ultimate cover-up. Incredibly, the House went along with it. The full House voted to overrule the Pike committee decision to make the report public. Naturally, that did not work. Too many people knew what was in the report. Too many copies of the various versions of it were floating around Washington like confetti. There was too much curiosity about it and too many people with motives for telling all.

Inevitably, the report got into the hands of journalists, including Daniel Schorr of CBS News, and they quickly reported the substance of it. These revelations brought on a storm of protest from the executive branch, which pictured itself as unable to conduct the business of this country abroad if an "irresponsible" Congress could not be trusted with the secrets necessary to our survival as a nation. And so on. At last Schorr found himself apparently in sole possession of a copy of this hot potato. Rather than burn or bury it, or hide it in his chimney, Schorr took on himself the responsibility to decide, contrary to the cowardly vote in the House, that the document should be made public, and it was (improbably, in New York's *Village Voice*).

The House, offended and made to look ridiculous, decided to do something about this ultimate leak. It has spent four months and $150,000 trying to find out where Schorr got his copy. Quite properly, Schorr and the other reporters who at one time or another had the document in their hands are refusing to reveal their sources (and CBS, which has suspended Schorr from all reporting, is supporting him in that position). It seems increasingly doubtful that the House investigating committee will ever solve the mystery.

We now come full circle back to the question of who had a motive for letting the report out and thus tarnishing Congress with the reputation for being a bunch of blabbermouths who can't be trusted with the nation's secrets. Along comes Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.) with the revelation, or admission, that he gave a copy of the final Pike committee report to the CIA. Aspin says that, after all, the information in the report came from the intelligence agencies, and he adds the curious, but probably accurate, statement that what he did "was not done with authority (from Congress) and it was not done without authority."

We are left with the mystery almost intact. We now know where the CIA's copy of the final report came from. We can speculate all we want on the devious motivations of this agency, which had every reason to discredit Congress for trying to uncover its operations at home and abroad. We may never know what actually happened.

The one clear conclusion, and it has been evident from the start, is that the executive branch, led by a succession of Presidents, has used the power of the information which it alone controls to enhance Presidential power.

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The best way to do that is to discredit the only part of our government which, if it had the intelligence, will and nerve to do it, could bring an overwhelming Presidency back into a proper balance with the legislature in our system of government. The recent developments in the Schorr case give little reason for optimism.

Chileanizing Italy?

The President is so busy scurrying around after that last handful of delegates that it is doubtful he is even aware of a new American policy toward Italy, even though he says that this country would be "very disturbed" if Communists joined a new Italian Government. The policy is being made, according to an interesting account by *The New York Times*'s Leslie Gelb (July 17), by two Ford Cabinet officers. Hence it is a double-barreled policy, which is presumably more effective than a single-shot one.

One barrel is being loaded by the Secretary of State and the other carries the charge of the Secretary of the Treasury. The ammunition for both consists of dollars, of course, but the two loads are a little different. Kissinger's new policy, though it is hardly novel, might be called Chileanization. It is basically a threat to withhold any further financial aid to the gasping Italian economy if Communists are admitted to the Cabinet. He is reported to have sold this policy to West Germany (where Chancellor Schmidt faces a difficult election in October, which is speeding his rightward pace) and to France and Britain.

This agreement by the Western "Dorado Beach" powers (as the mini-summiteers of that recent gathering might be called) has not yet reached the "destabilization" stage. Even Kissinger cannot claim to detect an Allende near the Roman Forum so far. "Phase Two," as employed by Kissinger in Chile to stimulate a right-wing takeover, is still in the distance and, in any case, our European allies would have a hard time swallowing that line of action. But the threat to intervene is quite definitely there nonetheless. The intervention would take the form of withholding support for the Italian economy during a difficult period unless . . .

Unless, go the reports, the Christian Democrats, that corrupt old gaggle of kept politicians (kept by the United States, to a large extent), stays within the bounds set by Kissinger. Those bounds are firmly defined. It will be only a venial sin if Communists are consulted on the formation of a new Cabinet. It will be all right if a few of them are given sub-Cabinet jobs and parliamentary committee chairmanships. But not one step further or the hard-currency transfusions will stop and the Christian Democrats will be left stewing in the unsavory juice their own fecklessness and corruption have produced. (That this might create a truly revolutionary surge on the Italian Left is a chance that Kissinger & Co. are apparently willing to take.)

We leave Kissinger on the smooth surface of the high road, pointing his gun at what is left of the independence of our "friends" in Italy, and turn to the somewhat different threat posed by his colleague, the Secretary of

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the Treasury. William Simon, the ex-bond salesman and a nuts-and-bolts man to the core, has a little practical twist to add. It might be called the New York-ization of our policy toward Italy, formed out of the stern economizing policies imposed by this successor to Alexander Hamilton on the nearly bankrupt city of New York last year as a condition for a federal loan guarantee. All that Simon expects (or, rather, insists on) from the Italian Government is a policy of greatly reduced government spending and no wage increases.

Thus Kissinger and Simon have loaded and pointed a shotgun at the pathetic remnants of the party that has ruled Italy for thirty years. They also have the last vestiges of Italian independence in their sights, of course. It makes one wonder whether these two servants of the Nixon-Ford administration, the professor and the bond salesman, have any idea of the possible consequences of their joint policy of interference in Italian politics in the long, or even the medium, range.

Legitimizing the Buggers

There can be no doubt about the motives of Senator Kennedy (D., Mass.) in attempting "to place foreign intelligence electronic surveillance under the rule of law." It would be "for the first time," as he points out in a communication to this magazine which we publish in this issue, along with an answer from Prof. Christopher Pyle and a comment on this whole question from Charles Morgan. The problem is entirely one of legal constitutional craftsmanship.

As Senator Kennedy writes, the effort to enact the bill labeled S. 3197 arises from the extraordinary fact that, from its primitive technical beginnings right down to the amazingly sophisticated present, "the rule of law has not applied to foreign intelligence electronic surveillance." All tapping and bugging was left to the uninhibited discretion of the agents of the federal government. Normal constitutional protections, especially those against "unreasonable searches and seizures," as the Fourth Amendment puts it, were entirely missing unless, against all odds, the courts somehow managed to intervene.

The trouble is that the protections Kennedy seeks in the measure he, principally, worked out with Attorney General Levi, turn out to amount to what Pyle calls "a broad surveillance charter," despite the good-faith effort to check the abuses of the unrestrained past. The attempts to restrict and codify the pervasive business of spying "go far," in the words of Charles Morgan, "toward legitimizing a permanent national security state."

That is certainly not what Kennedy and his fellow reformers are after. As the Senator's statement shows, he still does not believe that this would be its effect. But Pyle, in his original article in *The Nation* (May 29) and in his response to Kennedy in this issue, makes a persuasive case against S. 3197 as it now reads. It seems to us that the codification of the relatively minor reforms in the present dangerous practices of electronic surveillance are more of a threat than a help to the liberties compromised by this activity of the "national security" agents.

Perhaps the present bill is hopelessly warped by traditional wrong assumptions about the true nature of "national security" and of the need for "secrecy" and spying. In any event, here's a classic case of the cure being worse than the disease. Senator Tunney deserves the credit Morgan gives him for his stubborn resistance to S. 3197. And he should be joined by others, including Kennedy, in either changing the bill to meet the strictest constitutional standards, or defeating the measure as it now reads.

The Baron's Friendly Games

Serious sport, George Orwell observed, is "war minus the shooting." In view of what occurred at the last Olympic Games in 1972, it is clear that even Orwell's acid description fell short of the reality—long before 1984.

The original Olympics were, of course, quadrennial religious festivals in honor of Zeus, and for well over a thousand years partook not at all of the spirit of war. Wars, in fact, were stopped for the festivities. And it was as friendly competitions, held to bring young people together from all over the world and to encourage international amity, that Baron Pierre de Coubertin reinaugurated the Olympics in 1896. The Games, through the first few decades of their revival, adhered to the Baron's vision of them. Until 1936, that is, when they were held under the aegis of Adolf Hitler.

To anyone in the stands at Berlin that year, it was sickeningly clear that the Olympics were more an occasion for hostile national confrontation than friendly rivalry among young athletes. Sport had justified its Orwellian definition; all over Berlin were banners proclaiming *Max Schmelings Sieg ein Deutscher Sieg* ("Max Schmeling's victory a German victory"), honoring his knockout of Joe Louis—so soon to be avenged.

And so it has gone since; each Olympic quadrennium marked by more flags, more anthems, more nationalistic utterances, until Munich and 1972, when "war minus the shooting" became, simply, war.

This year of 1976, as the headlines from Montreal attest, there is little hope for better. Canada recognizes mainland China as "China" and exports much grain to it, and so it will not permit athletes from Taiwan to refer to their own regime as "the Republic of China." A serious threat of disaccreditation by the International Olympic Committee, and of U.S. withdrawal in consequence, was averted by some hairsplitting dialogue between the parties. A group of African nations, incensed at the participation of New Zealand because that country engages in sports contests with South Africa, pulled out their delegations.

Of course, Taiwan has just as much right to call itself "China" as has Newfoundland to call itself "Canada." Under the circumstances, Canada felt it had no choice but to stick to its commercial guns. But such arguments are beside the point. The Olympic Games, in their present metamorphosis, have become the continuation of world politics by other means, a form of war.

Banners, anthems, national rivalries—and their latest expression, terrorism—have absolutely no place in Olympic meetings. What started as an occasion of friendly competition has become one of nationalistic hatreds, and if nationalism cannot be rooted out from the Olympics (which is doubtful), these overprofessionalized contests

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should be abandoned. Scholar-athlete Bill Bradley (Princeton and N.Y. Knickerbockers) suggests, in the July 21st *New York Times*, that henceforth all such contests be held in Greece—to eliminate money largely from the mix—and that all *team* sports be discontinued—to eliminate the worst forms of nationalism. Intelligent suggestions, but unless a substitute is found for Zeus (in whose honor the Greeks put aside their quarrels) it seems unlikely to work.

Carl Dreher

The career of Carl Dreher, who died July 13, fits none of the familiar patterns, which is what made him so exceptional a person. Born in Vienna, he was 2 years of age when his family came to live in New York. He attended public schools and the College of the City of New York where he obtained a degree in engineering (he was a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers). But well before he had obtained his degree he had acquired—at age 14 or thereabouts—a considerable reputation as a talented ham radio operator, reaching a growing audience in the early days of radio. Later he became an important innovator and inventor in the field of electronic communications. When sound first came to motion pictures, RKO induced him to move to Hollywood in 1930 where, as director of sound, he supervised the introduction of the new technology. As the "talkies" caught on and new techniques were rapidly introduced, he was elevated to a top management post while the actual engineering work was taken over by a large staff, which he supervised. He did not relish this promotion, since he disliked administrative work and preferred to function as an engineer.

Always a consistent but quiet liberal—he never paraded his views and could not be regarded as a political activist—he took a most courageous stand in defense of the workers during one of Hollywood's bitterest strikes. Because he was so widely respected and liked by top executives and management at RKO, he was able to ride out that particular storm, but not long afterward he joined the staff of NBC's sound engineering division. During World War II he served in the Army Air Corps as a director and producer of training films with the rank of Major. Stationed for most of the time in the East and the South, he did not return to Hollywood.

Carl Dreher was enormously well-read, in economics, sociology (a close student of Veblen), politics, general literature and the sciences, and his interest extended into nearly every scientific field. He did not fancy himself an expert in fields in which he had not worked, but he was enough of a generalist in science to command, as a journalist, the respect of experts. Few science reporters had a better grasp of scientific methods and science history, or a wider range of general scientific understanding. His book, *Automation,* and many articles in general-interest magazines and technical publications, attest to his competence and skill as a science reporter. He was a dedicated anti-Fascist; international political issues were always of more concern to him than the question of who might be the next Representative from his district in the State Assembly. His book, *The Coming Showdown*, published in 1940, exhibited real and lasting insight into what proved, indeed, to be the great confrontation then shaping up.

I had known Carl and Rose Dreher in Hollywood; we had been good friends. When we at *The Nation* had need of editorial assistance, Carl was asked to join the staff on a part-time basis as science consultant and editorial writer. Roughly from early 1961 to the beginning of 1975 he came to the office once a week from his home 50 miles away to help with editorials. He was a delightful working colleague, a marvelous companion, and a loyal friend. He was witty, shrewd, perceptive, ironic. Never much of an enthusiast for issues, campaigns or causes, he was a resolute participant in protest marches against the war in Vietnam. He was a gifted writer who did his own thinking; never a sectarian or dogmatist, he had remarkable intellectual poise and the clear-headed, balanced perception that made him a fine editorial writer. Regarded with affection, respect and admiration by the entire staff, Carl Dreher was very much part of *The Nation* for fifteen critical years in its history. *The Nation* is lastingly in his debt.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

DEMOCRATIC PAGEANT

THE NETWORKS' FLOP

BLAIR CLARK

The day when American political conventions could be taken seriously—at least for their process (good or awful), if not for their results—is clearly gone forever. The performances by candidates, delegates and journalists at Madison Square Garden, where the Democrats put on their show this Bicentennial year, abundantly proved that through all those long hours of stage-managed harmony.

It is a curious fact that the candidate for President who emerged from that gathering would never have made it through the crowd to his party's standard if the more "open" procedures adopted after 1968 had not been there for him to use—rules which he and most of the delegates to the last three Democratic conventions considered excessively "liberal." It has been plain from the start of the primary season that Governor Carter made brilliant use of the party's new way of choosing delegates, just as Senator McGovern had done four years earlier. The ends, at least of policy, were very different but the means were almost the same. They favored an outsider who had the wits and energy and sense of the

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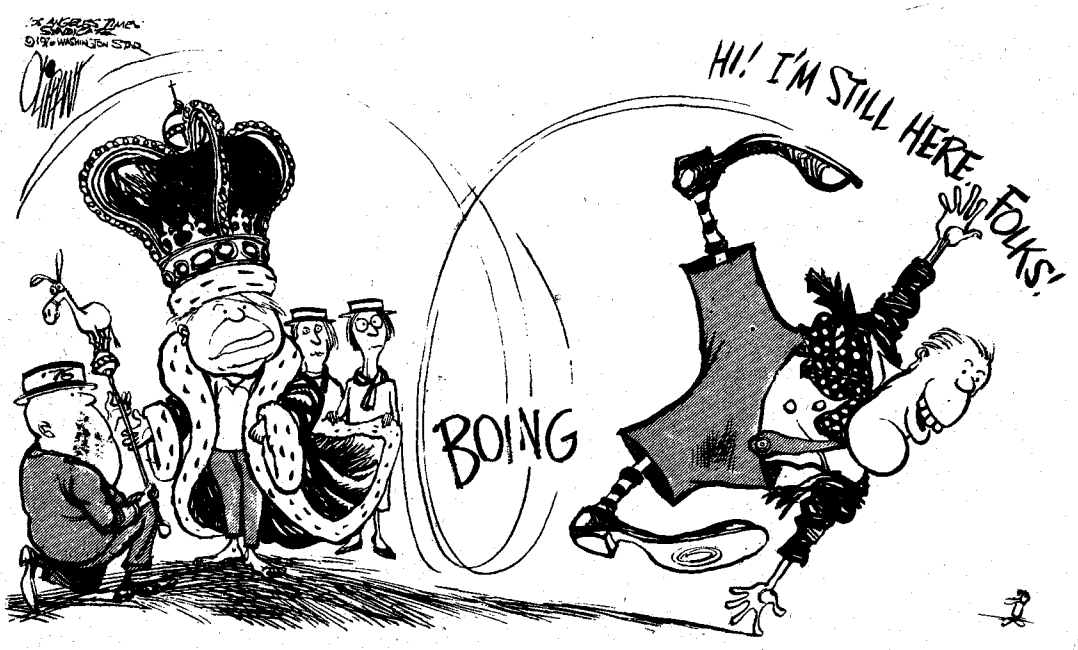

popular mood to adapt these rules to his purposes.

The result has been to give the Democrats a candidate perfectly positioned to conduct the kind of campaign most likely to win a splendid victory this fall. It will be not so much an electoral contest between two parties and two candidates as a kind of plebiscite for unity. Voters in November will be marking their ballots for or against the proposition "Unity is a Good Thing." There can be little doubt about the outcome, no matter which of its champing horses the Republican Party finally decides to ride.

Unity for what is of course the question. The Democratic Convention provided little in the way of specific answers beyond what we had already learned from the Carter campaign these past nineteen months. The main element of that unity is the reuniting of North and South, and the nomination of Governor Carter is the most powerful possible symbol of that. It will have great effect in the Old South, which has not been able to offer the nation a President since Zachary Taylor in 1848, but this signal that old estrangements are ending will certainly please and reassure the rest of the country that there is a chance to restore the idea of "one nation" ("under God," as used to be said, a description which Governor Carter's freely proclaimed religious convictions perhaps makes usable again). Beyond this new regional harmony lies another kind, appealing in a different but also politically potent way. That is the unity of the federal government itself, with executive and legislative branches under the same party's control.

Serious students of our politics have sometimes seen the split in control of the two branches between the two major parties, which has been the fact in sixteen of the past twenty-four years, as an almost conscious popular choice in favor of ambivalence. The idea, however dubious the evidence for it, is that by dividing the powers of government that way the voters prevent both branches and both parties from having excessive power. Accident and personality have had more to do with it, in fact. And now, with all the talk and cant of an "anti-government" mood in the country (which was a fairly important theme of Carter's campaign), it is likely that "an end to these divisions" would be a far more popular rallying cry. There is, of course, no more basic idea in the hornbook of democratic politics than that responsibility should go with authority, and not even an electorate entirely composed of professors of government would be apt to make the kind of sophisticated judgment that the theorists of the popularity of divided government ascribe to the general public.

It would be truly ironic if all the anti-Washington palaver of this political season ended up with a handsome victory by one of the most skillful users of this trope, Jimmy Carter, who would then be able to unite all the elements of the federal establishment into as powerful an instrument of government as the country has ever seen. Reinhold Niebuhr, whom Carter is apt to quote, would have appreciated that outcome.

The idea of unity laced almost all of the rhetoric of the convention. It would lead to victory. It had overcome the divisions of the past. It was in contrast to the divisiveness afflicting the Republicans. It was the result of a nearly miraculous healing of the old wounds of Vietnam. This kind of celebratory speech dominated the proceedings, and was the spirit of the occasion, even when speakers had the taste not to lay on the balm too thickly. What really united the delegates was the prospect of overwhelming victory on all levels. Nothing should be said or done to threaten that. And it almost happened that way. The Democrats not only look forward to a huge victory at the Presidential level but they count on gains in both houses of Congress even beyond the bonanzas of the post-Watergate election of 1974.

The spirit of dissent (or "openness," as it was sometimes called, in the turbulent years of 1968 and 1972) was almost entirely missing. The convention's determined managers kept almost every manifestation of the Democrats' old contentious spirit out of the proceedings at

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Madison Square Garden. The "issues" had all been defined (or smoothed over) in the Platform Committee hearings weeks earlier. Ex-hotheads, ideologues and activists, now converts to Carter, were employed as mechanics of conformity, and they operated effectively. It might have been better from every point of view, including the pragmatic, if the liberals had been allowed the odd half-hour to state their differences with the approved platform on such questions as jobs, housing and health.

Instead, there was an unconvincing silence on these issues, a sort of blanket of conformism stifling unconventional thinking. And so what dissent there was burst through the procedural crack of the nomination process, producing an embarrassing speech for the anti-abortion candidate, Ellen McCormack, and two moving ones, painful reminders of Vietnam, on the matter of amnesty, as against Governor Carter's position favoring plain pardon for the war protesters who did not desert under fire. The strict arrangements for this convention would never have allowed the eccentrically free speech in favor of such issues as homosexual rights that forced McGovern's acceptance speech into the pre-dawn hours in 1972.

All of this is written as if the delegates could actually hear what was going on in Madison Square Garden, and therefore react to it and even respond intelligently. The fact is that for most of those four days hardly a word uttered in that convention hall could be distinguished from the general buzz. The noise level in that non-auditorium was so high and the acoustics so wretched that the speaker of the moment appeared like a tiny figurehead mouthing out of sync from the prow of the imposing structure that was the podium. Senator McGovern, the party's titular leader, as the most recent Presidential candidate was once realistically called, could not hear a word of the speech presenting him to the multitude and had to be told by an official at the rear of the platform when to go out there and do his graceful turn.

This condition of incomprehensibility was surely not deliberately designed to make participation by the delegates impossible. It was not necessary to play such a trick because the rules and proceedings of the convention had been so carefully prepared that nothing untoward or significant could have happened in any case. There is something disturbing about the spectacle of elected delegates to a national political convention milling around the floor in a way that shows they have no idea of what is going on or what, if anything, they are expected to do. But the whole show was aimed, very obviously, not at those in the hall who had the power to make the big decisions on candidates and policies but at that much larger audience—the one that could hear what was going on, the television viewers—who would make the ultimate decision in November.

Television dominated the convention even physically. Huge structures (still called "anchor booths" but actually resembling barns) loomed almost to the rafters, blocking out hundreds of seats. With their plate-glass windows and their network-identifying initials in bright lights, they were the hugely magnified eyes of that portion of the public which occasionally chose to look in on these peculiar quadrennial rites. (The "numbers," as they say in videoland, were not impressive, seldom more than about a quarter of the potential audience.) Television was there to cover a "show," and its institutional disappointment at the dullness of the performers and the complete absence of anything like drama was painfully evident.

The day when TV could boast that it held an accurate mirror up to reflect any passing reality is clearly a thing of the past. The network news people now function almost entirely, and unashamedly, as if they were producers of political shows, to be judged for their entertainment values, when they are not acting as critics of the proceedings they are supposed to report "objectively." This attitude produced an air of top-lofty condescension toward what was going on below on the part of the reporters and commentators of all three networks. There was a tone of contempt for politicians and all their doings that ran through much of the commentary. Sneers were in long supply. The attitude was rather like that of a television executive toward a producer who had produced a "dog" of a show.

The Democratic managers played into the hands of the networks because they had indeed arranged the whole convention, and not very brilliantly, to "play" on television. All the calculations were based on factors like audience flow and prime time. The Democrats had an intractable problem in their script and their stage-managing. There was, in fact, no drama to be seen, since the nominee had been obvious for a month and since the small ripples of disaffection within their ranks had all been flattened in the pre-convention period. They were indeed incompetent to produce in 1976 a drama of any kind, and pageants tend to be dull.

Still, it was not pleasing to listen to so many arch condescensions from CBS's Eric Sevareid or to hear his co-thinker, Bill Moyers, describe the platform as so "boring . . . dull . . . dispirited" that the voters were likely to "sleepwalk" to the polls. On NBC the tone did not seem to be so openly contemptuous and the chortling was more good-humoredly middlebrow—John Chancellor and his colleagues could not seem to let go of the crack that the Democratic ticket of Carter and Mondale was "Grits and Fritz." And so there were *longueurs* in the broadcast booths overhanging the convention to match those on the floor. The audience, of course, had no choice but to accept the fare being offered at any given moment by the news managers, according to their judgment of its "news value." The giant vacuum cleaner of television's gavel-to-gavel coverage of this political gathering seemed to inhale all the bits and pieces on the floor without giving any real idea of what was going on.

Perhaps it was all too obvious to be noticed. The Democrats, individually for the most part, and collectively for sure, had simply decided to put all the issues that had divided them aside and to homogenize for victory in November.

Off-stage, there were louder and sometimes more interesting noises. Some of them were comical, like Henry

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Kissinger giving his "private assessment" (publicly, of course) a week before the Democratic convention that, as *The New York Times* reported (July 7), "President Ford and Jimmy Carter hold basically similar views on international affairs." Bipartisan continuity forever, plus an endorsement of the "grand design" of the past seven years, was the Kissinger message. But on the same day, and on the same page of the *Times*, Carter was busy telling that newspaper, in elaborate detail, about the substantially different shadings he puts on certain major questions of foreign policy. For instance, he rejects Kissinger's long-held notion that we should domesticate the idea of a limited nuclear war and make it an acceptable "option" (Carter's view is that "limited" nuclear war would quickly become all-out).

President Ford's off-stage noise during the Democratic Convention period was to discover that Ronald Reagan had suddenly become an acceptable running mate, with himself at the head of the ticket. This finding was as transparent as most Ford initiatives, accompanying as it did a frantic search for a few more uncommitted delegates to put him over the top, which meant converting wavering Reaganites to his cause.

The Republicans may emerge with such an "odd couple" on their ticket, but the journalists naturally leapt on that fairly new theatrical cliché to describe the union of Carter and Mondale. It was widely seen as a concession to the Democrats' liberal wing, which has been slow to embrace Carter, and there was much cynical sniping at Carter's claim that a principal element of his decision for Mondale was "compatibility" of views. It is often hard to tell what Carter really thinks about anything, even though, despite the charge of "fuzziness," he expresses himself with remarkable clarity. In choosing Mondale to run with him, he may simply have discovered, in his deliberate process of narrowing the field, that the center of the Democratic Party occupies more of the spectrum than is usually ascribed to it. Mondale, after all, is a Senator who has often bowed to the will of Sen. Russell Long, that taxing tyrant of the Senate's fiscal committee, rather than abandon the hope that he may some day get passed a favorite bill of his own on child care.

James Reston of *The New York Times* wrote on the eve of the Democratic Convention (July 9) that Carter "has yet to prove that he can touch and hold the yearnings of the nation as a whole. . . ." Whether or not Presidential candidates can ever perform that act, Carter has amply proved his ability in other political respects. He judged the mood of his party just right, organized to capture its nomination with brilliance, and now presides over a party that is reunified and bent toward victory in November. However blandly disappointing the proceedings in New York may have been to those with a taste for high politics or high drama, that much at least was fully demonstrated in Madison Square Garden. □

'LEGAL' BUGGING?
Pros and Cons of S. 3197

CHARLES MORGAN Jr.

Attorney General Levi and Senator Kennedy wrote it. Liberals and conservatives co-sponsored and voted for it. President Ford will sign it. With that kind of bipartisan support from the Washington Establishment, there must be something wrong with it.

And there is. "The Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act" (S. 3197) is a clever deception, another manifestation of Washington's habitual thirst for compromise at all costs and of the liberals' weakness for the illusion of reform at the expense of the substance. Of course, the supporters of this measure will disagree. They will claim that the Senate Judiciary Committee's June 14th approval of the wiretap bill by an overwhelming 11-to-1 vote represents a happy, even "historic," moment—resolving the long-standing stalemate between the executive and legislative branches over the President's "inherent power" to order wiretaps and buggings for "national security" purposes.

To be sure, the bill does provide for minimal judicial supervision over these activities. But this is the quintessence of the deception, for it disguises a host of nasty concessions that go far toward legitimizing a permanent national security state.

Only John Tunney, the Democratic Senator from California and the successor to Sam Ervin as chairman of the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee, cared enough to vote against the consensus.

Senator Tunney's debate with the other members of the Judiciary Committee centered on his objections to the elusiveness of the bill's definitions (what does "clandestine intelligence activity" mean?) and the bill's authorization (for the first time in history) of bugs, wiretaps, and break-ins of U.S. citizens who are committing no crime.

On the Senate floor Tunney will emphasize the bill's faults: the bill's silence on National Security Agency taps and bugging of Americans abroad; the disclaimer section that continues to acknowledge the President's "inherent power" to act virtually as he pleases whenever he deems it necessary and thereby vitiates even the minimal protections established in the preceding sections; the bizarre, last-minute inclusion of a moratorium on all controls whenever new and presumably more sophisticated elec-

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tronic equipment is being "tested"; the ways and means of conducting "pre-tap" investigations to determine whether the target is an agent of a foreign power and to identify the preferred location for the subsequent electronic surveillance; and the circumvention of normal judicial process to allow the Chief Justice secretly to hand-pick seven special judges and to prohibit other federal judges from ruling on warrant applications.

Tunney's lonely courage was obscured by the sound and fury surrounding the Judiciary Committee's approval the same day of the oil divestiture bill. But there is still time to slow the Washington Establishment's rush to judgment—provided, of course, that the two committees that still have jurisdiction over the measure (Sen. Daniel K. Inouye's new standing committee on intelligence and Sen. Birch Bayh's subcommittee of it, and a House subcommittee chaired by Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier) decide to take the time to study the issues raised by Tunney. It is a thankless task, however: the arrogance of Washington's largest law firm, the Justice Department, was "perfectly clear" when Attorney General Levi refused to answer the thirty-six detailed questions from Tunney, the chairman of the Senate's only Constitutional Rights panel.

Leading the House liberals unlikely to struggle against such arrogance is reasonable Robert Kastenmeier, the man always likely to find rational reasons for compromise. □

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SEN. EDWARD M. KENNEDY

For the last five years various Senators, including myself, have labored unsuccessfully in an effort to place some meaningful statutory restrictions on the so-called "inherent power" of the Executive to engage in electronic surveillance for the purpose of obtaining foreign intelligence information. Bills have been introduced only to die a slow death in committee; speeches have been made only to fall on deaf ears; inquiries made of the Nixon administration were ignored or answered in a halfhearted way. The sad fact is that despite five years of effort by a small group of Senators the rule of law simply has not applied to foreign intelligence electronic surveillance.

Until this year. On March 23 I introduced S. 3197, a bill designed to regulate such surveillance. This legislation would require that all such surveillance be subject to a requirement that, before such surveillance could occur, a named executive branch official certify in writing and under oath that such surveillance is necessary to obtain foreign intelligence information. It would, for the first time, expressly limit whatever inherent power the President may have (the Supreme Court has never resolved this issue) to engage in such surveillance in the United States. It would provide civil and criminal sanctions to those who violate its provisions.

Just as important is the fact that, at long last, legislation restricting such surveillance has a better than reasonable chance of Senate passage. It was the first time in more than eight years that any comprehensive electronic surveillance legislation had been reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Now comes Christopher H. Pyle in the May 29th issue of *The Nation* labeling the legislation "regressive," calling it a "fraud" and urging its defeat. Aware of his well-intentioned concern, nevertheless I believe that the defeat of this bill would be tragic. Legislation can hardly be labeled "regressive" which, for the first time, attempts to place foreign intelligence electronic surveillance under the rule of law. Mr. Pyle's concern over the "funny warrant" requirement ignores the fact that today there is no warrant requirement at *all* ("funny" or otherwise), and that the courts currently have absolutely no role to play whatsoever in this area.

Nor should he give such short shrift to the certification procedure. This bill requires a named executive branch official to certify in writing that the surveillance is necessary. There can be no "passing the buck" on the issue of responsibility and authorization; in any civil or criminal litigation the executive designee will be called on to justify his actions.

Many of Mr. Pyle's other specific criticisms have been met by amendments to the bill: for example, the Presidential disclaimer has been completely rewritten to clarify the Congressional limitations on the Executive's inherent power; any person aiding a foreign agency who is acting "pursuant to the direction of a foreign power" must be a knowing participant; and the bill has been appreciably altered to provide access by a defendant to materials obtained by means of this surveillance and subsequently used in a criminal proceeding.

The bill is not perfect but I am hopeful that further changes may yet be made in the House and in the Senate-House conference.

This salient point, however, must not be overlooked—for too long the American people have lacked any legal safeguards protecting them against the abuses of foreign intelligence electronic surveillance. Until this year efforts at providing such safeguards were exercises in futility. Mr. Pyle should view this bill for what it is—a major effort by the Congress, long overdue, to place foreign intelligence electronic surveillance under the rule of law. This bill does achieve that goal. □

CHRISTOPHER H. PYLE

I regret to find myself so profoundly in disagreement with Senator Kennedy and his national security wiretap bill. No one in the Congress has done more than he to bring government eavesdropping under control or has taken more political risks to bridge the ideological gaps that unfortunately separate liberals from conservatives on this issue.

His bill, however, would concede too much. Its "funny warrant" procedure, which would forbid judges to question the government's need for foreign intelligence taps or bugs, would make a mockery of the principles of checks and balances and an independent judiciary. The bill's apparent endorsement of the theory that foreign visitors

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are not entitled to protection from unreasonable searches and seizures revives a nativist interpretation of the Fourth Amendment that should remain on the constitutional junk heap, to which it was consigned after the infamous Red raids of 1919 and 1920. Its definition of "foreign agents" vulnerable to surveillance still remains mischievously broad, while the so-called "disclaimer" provision continues to lend credence to the pernicious doctrine that the executive branch has a legislatively uncheckable power to tap and bug at will in the name of foreign intelligence or national security.

These legislative "compromises" are not mere accommodations among constitutionally acceptable means. They would resolve a judicial uncertainty by denying to all people—citizens, resident aliens, and foreign visitors—the promise of the Fourth Amendment.

The chief argument of liberals who support this bill is that it is needed to forestall an even worse Supreme Court decision exempting all foreign intelligence tapping and bugging from Fourth Amendment restraints. While I share that concern, I would prefer to live with such a decision than to see the Kennedy-Levi bill—which would accomplish nearly as much—enacted into law and approved by the Court.

Fortunately, that need not be the choice. There is no reason why the government cannot electronically monitor embassies, diplomats, military attachés, suspected espionage agents, trade negotiators, and other sources of substantial foreign intelligence information under a bona fide warrant procedure that preserves the independence of the judiciary, provides a potential check on overreaching officials, and protects those privacy interests we have come to associate with the Fourth Amendment. To do so, however, requires a coherent theory of what the Fourth Amendment means in the context of national security taps and bugs.

When the nation's spy chiefs seek to conduct surreptitious searches through wiretapping and bugging, they should be required, as a matter of constitutional interpretation, to obtain a warrant first. In rare emergencies, Congress might permit them to spy first and request permission later (hours later), but judicial permission should be required. The principles of limited government, guaranteed liberties, and checks and balances compel this interpretation of the Fourth Amendment's warrant clause; to read it otherwise would leave us without any independent check against the unconstitutional activities of our electronic spies.

The warrant procedure must be the traditional one in which the judge weighs all the competing interests and values in light of the totality of the circumstances. The government must tell him not only who is to be monitored and where the taps or bugs are to be placed, but what kinds of conversation it expects to intercept and what kinds of information it hopes to obtain. It must also explain, in revealing detail, why its need for the information is so great that it should override the individual's constitutional right of privacy. Anything less, such as the Senator's certification procedure, which allows executive officials to decide for themselves whether the surveillance is needed, provides no check or balance against official wrongdoing—the very function that warrants are supposed to serve.

Proposals like the Kennedy-Levi bill continue to be opposed not because judicial resolution would be wiser or more legitimate but because the executive branch continues to demand essentially unlimited surveillance powers and will not explain why those powers are needed or how they would be used. The bill Senator Kennedy supports is not a mere counterespionage measure necessary to our nation's security and unthreatening to our liberties. It is a broad surveillance charter which would allow American intelligence agencies to tap and bug foreign embassies, diplomats, military attachés, members of foreign delegations, visiting employees of foreign governments, and all Americans with whom they communicate, virtually without restraint. It is reasonable to assume that the U.S. Government would use this power not only to gain the advantage in diplomatic and trade negotiations but to spy on Senators who communicate with foreign lobbies, Congressional staff members who draft trade legislation, business executives who trade in strategic commodities, lawyers who represent foreign governments and corporations, and advertising men who dispense foreign propaganda. The CIA and FBI can be expected to use this authority, not only to spy on their foreign counterparts but to discover the weaknesses of people—Americans, resident aliens, and foreigners—whom they would like to blackmail into becoming spies, or "neutralize" through the leakage of embarrassing information. These potential uses of the surveillance power, posing the gravest constitutional and moral questions, remain unmentioned in the public debate over the Senator's bill.

Senator Ervin used to keep a framed quotation on his office wall which warned: "No man's liberty or property is safe when the legislature is in session." That reminder hung there not because Sam Ervin was hostile to Congress or its functions but because he knew its limitations. Most lawmaking involves bargaining in which fundamental principles have to be ignored. Little would get done if everyone involved in the legislative process consistently stood on principle.

Laws affecting fundamental liberties, however, deserve a higher standard of care. The fact that the Fourth Amendment is couched in splendid ambiguities does not mean that legislators should agree upon whatever search and seizure legislation will pass and leave the constitutional considerations to the courts. There are certain constitutional minimums which responsible legislators should never trade away, even if it means living with executive misconduct until the next round of scandals.

Principles bargained away cannot easily be reclaimed. What wiretap legislation Congress passes this year will have a powerful effect on future efforts to curb the use of informants, mail openings and surreptitious entries. A law which creates sham warrants, reads a whole group of people out of the Fourth Amendment, and implies that the executive has a legislatively uncheckable power to spy, will come back to haunt us all. □

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'ASK A MARINE'

DEFENSE MANPOWER COVER-UP

ROBERT K. MUSIL

On April 19, the Defense Manpower Commission (DMC) released its final report after two years of inquiry into manpower policies for the nation's armed forces. At the same time, stories were breaking in the press of the brutal beating to death of a mentally retarded Marine, Pvt. Lynn E. McClure, at San Diego (Calif.) Recruit Training Depot. McClure's death provides a macabre counterpoint to the work of the DMC; the commissioners had visited San Diego in January 1975, but one searches in vain through the 518-page report for mention of brutality, or even "stress" in Marine training. That is more than an embarrassing oversight and unlucky coincidence. The findings of the commission, and its many omissions, are symptomatic of the nation's failure, even after the supposed lessons of Vietnam, to face the consequences of a huge standing military establishment, renewed cold war and an economy geared to war.

The report reveals, within a quagmire of bureaucratic prose, a deplorable withering of American ideals at the Bicentennial. It would be impossible to guess, from reading it, how recently Americans were a pacific lot, with only 334,473 people in the armed forces as of June 1939. A generation before that, just before we entered World War I, there were a mere 179,376 active troops. If the DMC and the Pentagon have their way, the active U.S. forces are planned to number at least 2.1 million through 1985, the level at which they have stood since the Korean War, which ended twenty-three years ago. When paid reservists (890,000) and Department of Defense civil servants (1 million) are included along with active and retired military, the DMC report foresees that the Treasury Department will be called upon to meet a military payroll of more than 5 million people for the indefinite future.

That such a prospect stands the founding fathers on their heads, runs the risk of war, distorts social priorities, and channels a large chunk of another generation through anti-democratic, demeaning, and dead-end training doesn't disturb the commission. The dollars, of course, do. Thus the bulk of its recommendations is taken up with pay scales, new methods for retirement pay (which under present methods will grow in a decade from the current $8.3 billion to more than $20 billion) and penny-pinching proposals that evade essential manpower issues. The way in which such fiduciary fiddling became the centerpiece of current American military thinking deserves some examination.

The Defense Manpower Commission was created by Congress with the passage of Public Law 93-155 (Title VII of the Department of Defense Appropriations Act of 1974). The concern of the Congress in creating the DMC was expressed this way in November 1973:

> The Defense Department is paying $22 billion more in Fiscal Year 1974 than it was ten years ago in pay and allowances for 400,000 fewer personnel. That is more money for fewer men, and the fewer men are increasingly to be found in headquarters and support structure rather than in the combat arms. . .

The Fiscal 1974 Defense budget was as large as the 1968 wartime budget, and manpower costs accounted for 56 per cent of it. Thus, Congress instructed the DMC to "conduct a comprehensive study and investigation of the overall manpower requirements of the Department of Defense," and to give special consideration to the utilization of personnel, pay levels, grade distribution, effectiveness compared to foreign armed forces and "such other matters related to manpower as the commission deems pertinent to the study."

With such a wide-ranging charter, two years in which to work, a budget of more than $2 million, and the assistance and cooperation of the Defense Department and the GAO, the Defense Manpower Commission might have proved a useful contribution to public debate on the armed forces after Vietnam. It was, however, probably doomed from the start. Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) immediately denounced it as a pro-Pentagon boondoggle, basing his judgment on the personnel picked for the job. Dr. Curtis Tarr, former director of Selective Service and Under Secretary of the Air Force, was chairman: the executive director was Gen. Bruce Palmer, U.S.A. (Ret.) of Dominican Republic fame and deputy to William Westmoreland in Vietnam and later as Vice Chief of Staff, Army. The commission's professional staff (average salary, $24,000) was also heavily weighted in favor of a military viewpoint and, burdened by the size of its task, leaned heavily throughout on Pentagon research. But even with different personnel and more independent research, the DMC was probably bound to mirror the Pentagon world view in the end, because the Congress which puts together such commissions has never yet disagreed with the fundamentals of American military policy.

This militarist vision, recently fueled by domestic politics (see "Cold War Budget: Capitol Hill Armed to the Teeth" by Paul R. Wieck, *The Nation,* April 24) and the need to invigorate important sectors of the economy with increased military spending, permeate the introductory chapter of the report. Thus we read that: "Bicentennial America must meet the challenge of internal need, and it also must maintain the strength to work actively for harmony among nations. . . ."

This salute to harmony quickly shows itself to be the same old U.S.-Soviet cold-war scare in which the "USSR is trying to expand its hegemony over many regions of the world." Changes in China must be "watched," the Middle East is a "tinder box," the "less developed nations" are still vitally important as "suppliers of essential

Robert Musil, who writes frequently for The Nation *on military affairs, testified before the Defense Manpower Commission in November 1974.*

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raw materials and markets," and so on. As the DMC puts it, in succinct terms of paranoia, "overt military aggression is only one possibility . . . potential conflicts lurk everywhere." Given such fears, the United States has "little choice" but to be a "leader . . . produce the will . . . and continue to bear the burden. To carry out this role takes economic power, social strength, political unity and armed forces of substance and significant size." In case any of this muted Mussolini rhetoric is insufficiently scary for the nation's birthday of freedom, the commission reminds us that we are not adequately prepared for full mobilization. "The lack of such a mobilization capability, real or perceived or both, could lead to miscalculations. . . ." Thus, we will need to reactivate the stand-by draft because, according to the DMC and Chairman Tarr, we will quickly need more than 200,000 replacements for American casualties in the opening rounds of a NATO war (World War III, presumably). To cap its argument for a huge standing army, the commission writes as if from a script by Mayor Frank Rizzo: "Civil Disorders, unfortunately but realistically, are a potential problem; and we need not only the National Guard of our fifty states but also active federal forces. . . ."

It is against this ideological backdrop that the conclusions of the commission must be set. Its crystal ball discovers, not surprisingly, that we shall need, at a minimum, about the same size military in 1985 that we have now. The Army needs at least sixteen divisions, the Air Force twenty-six wings, the Marines their three divisions, the Navy their carriers. Any talk of less is to court destruction. Once these assumptions about "force levels" are accepted, the defense debate on manpower, as on strategic weaponry, is over. What remains is quibbling and promotes debates that detract from the real issues at hand.

Such has been the nature of much of the volunteer army-versus-draft debate of recent years. Given a military of 2.1 million or more, we shall need at least 400,000 new recruits every year. Should we lure them in with false advertising and higher pay in bad times, or coerce them with possible prison sentences when the economy improves? No matter how the deed is done the fundamental failure is in accepting the notion that close to 40 per cent of all American 18-year-old males who are physically and morally fit and not in institutions or schools will have to serve in the armed forces and stand guard around the globe. Thus, the media interest in the "sustainability" and costs of the volunteer force misses the point. Most of the increases in our $50 billion personnel bill come through inflation, retired pay and in the linkage by law of military pay raises to those of the Civil Service. Even if the draft returns there will be no going back to the $113-a-month private of the 1960s. What should be of prime concern is the social and political consequences of permanently maintaining imperial armies and armadas.

Nearly 500,000 American troops are still stationed overseas, many in remote locations where we have no real military interest. (See "Vietnam Unlearned: Our Deadly Game in Korea" by James Stentzel, *The Nation*, April 24.) Our present mission is bound to lead to morale and discipline problems. They are built into the nature of occupation and expeditionary duty. The DMC recognizes this problem obliquely but, given its commitment to Pax Americana, can offer only palliatives. It reports that frequent moves and "unaccompanied tours" are an "established fact of military life." Yet, according to the commission, "despite vigorous efforts of military leaders, it is often impossible for families of military personnel to understand why changes and transfers are being made." Similarly, the "Navy and Marine Corps face the requirement of sea duty which gives them unique morale problems. The Army and the Air Force have deployed a significant portion of their forces overseas, a factor which poses complex and difficult manpower and personnel problems." Having accurately, if turgidly, described the difficulties of policing the world, the DMC offers the ludicrously inadequate recommendation that there be "greater understanding that the health and welfare services provided by the Red Cross and other nongovernmental organizations are essential."

As for the subjects of military justice and unionization that have concerned critics of the military over the years, the DMC recommends that "the Uniform Code of Justice cannot be made more liberal [*sic*] nor can the unit or ship commander's authority be diluted further without fatally weakening the legal and disciplinary underpinning of a military organization." Tight discipline and the weeding out of undesirables are what the commission prescribes for our Bicentennial military. Enter Pvt. Lynn McClure.

His death is ultimately related to the kind of hold-the-line recommendations contained in the DMC report and in similar pronouncements from the Department of Defense over the years. The dignity, humane treatment and personal rights of American soldiers have always been seen as secondary to military necessity and discipline. Such military doctrine has now even been sanctified by the Supreme Court in cases such as *Levy, Avrech* and *Spock*, where military needs surmount the Constitution. Only when an incident of abuse or deprivation of rights occasions intense publicity and pressure are reforms grudgingly made. That has been the pattern with the drowning deaths of six Marine recruits at Parris Island in 1956, the tortures of the Camp Pendleton brig (see "Andersonville-by-the-Sea" by Robert Sherrill, *The Nation*, September 15, 1969), race riots at Camp Lejeune, and other incidents. As late as 1971, Dick Levitan and H. Paul Jeffers could still devote a volume to atrocities and deaths in Marine training: *See Parris and Die: Brutality in the U.S. Marines* (Hawthorn). The same could be said of the other services. In each case, minor reforms are made, as they will be because of Pvt. McClure's death. But once military life returns to "normal" and press interest wanes, the abuses, like General MacArthur, return.

What must be recognized is that such armed forces abuses are the inevitable result of an American military that in 1976 is undemocratic, authoritarian and geared for intervention. What must be asked is why our forces, like our aircraft carriers and C-5As, are only good for

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offensive war. What must be investigated and exposed within the armed forces are the routine and continuing patterns of misconduct and maltreatment of personnel. (See Musil: "The Truth About Deserters, *The Nation*, April 16, 1973.)

In Fiscal Year 1975, for instance, before McClure was killed, *prima facie* evidence of widespread abuse could be deduced from the absence and desertion rates in the Marine Corps. They stood at record levels, even higher than those of Vietnam. There were 317.4 AWOL incidents per 1,000 Marines, and an incredible 104.6 desertions per 1,000. With a record like that the current Congressional investigations are long overdue. There are only two possible explanations for such massive desertion: either American recruits are hopelessly defective (the official explanation) or places like Parris Island and San Diego are still hellholes. The official response—always blame the individual—leads logically to record numbers of bad conduct discharges. In Fiscal 1975, 23.6 per cent of *all* Marines discharged received other than honorable discharges. Figures are not available, but discharges for first-term Marines would show even worse percentages. Given the stigma and social consequences for veterans of a bad discharge, these young men have been effectively ruined socially, legally and psychologically as a result of government policy. For all the services in F.Y. 1975, nearly one in eight (11.7 per cent) of those discharged received a bad discharge, 79,894 in all.

The mistreatment and poor conditions that lie beneath such statistics, along with the cost cutting that has occurred as personnel expenses soar, have led to renewed interest in armed forces unionization (see David Cortright's "Organizing the Military: The Union Wants to Join You," *The Nation*, February 21). With the armed forces relying increasingly on technology, and the linkage of military pay to that of the civil service, the services have slowly switched from what sociologist Charles Moskos calls an "institutional" model to an "occupational" one. The occupational attitude, that military work is a job like any other, has also been encouraged by military advertising that emphasizes training and jobs rather than patriotic gore. The result has been continued militance on the part of GIs in peacetime over pay, working conditions and other bread-and-butter issues, and finally to the announcement by the American Federation of Government Employees (AFGE) that they will begin a union drive this summer. The Pentagon, and the DMC in turn, have sounded like the original John D. Rockefeller. The DMC recommends in rather panicked terms that the old Department of Defense Directive 1325.6 of 1969, which addressed itself mainly to the anti-war American Servicemen's Union, is no longer sufficient. What is needed, the DMC says, is a new directive to make it clear that commanders are forbidden to recognize or bargain with "any organization of any kind . . . which exists for the purposes . . . of dealing with . . . grievances, disputes, wages, rates of pay, hours of employment, or conditions of work."

The DMC report underplays other vexing problems in the military. Only a few years ago, the major concern amongst manpower planners was race relations. After tremendous pressure from black GIs, and investigations by the NAACP and the Congressional Black Caucus, the Department of Defense issued a four-volume report entitled the *DoD Task Force Report on the Administration of Justice in the Armed Forces*. It concluded that the military suffered from "systemic racism." To date, however, few of the more than 100 recommendations have been implemented and little progress has been made for blacks and other minorities. Indeed, the very charge to the DMC to determine if increased numbers of blacks affect the capabilities of the armed forces was racist

Oliphant, Washington Star

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per se. After documenting extensively that blacks (the one minority adequately documented in the military) primarily "continue to be found in service and supply, combat arms, and administrative billets," the report comes to the benign conclusion that an increase in blacks has not harmed the readiness of the armed forces. What is missing, of course, is any solution for continuing discrimination, despite years of publicity about the problem. The commission specifically recommends against a "representational policy," thus effectively denying any hope of affirmative action.

The same benign neglect is applied to women. The commission documents flagrant sexism, but then accepts it. Thus we read that "The opening of most noncombat career fields to women has promoted a more equitable distribution among the various specialties; however, two-thirds of the military women still work in the traditional medical and administrative fields." The commission might also have added, but did not, that most military women are still found in the lowest four ranks. The realities of military life for women, despite elaborate publicity with glossy photos of women flying jets or repairing electronic gear, have changed little. The Department of Defense plans to keep it that way. Women are still forbidden by law from combat and have been seen by the Pentagon mostly as a way to meet possible manpower shortages in the 1980s. Thus, the percentage of women is actually planned to increase only a little and then level off. In the words of the DMC:

> While more women are being recruited, a ceiling does exist on the number of women authorized to enter the Armed Forces. In recent years, the percentage of women in the DoD as part of non-prior service accessions varied from 2.4 per cent in FY 1971 to a high of 9 per cent in FY 1975, and is programmed to be 8 per cent in FY 1978. However, in relation to total DoD strength, women still comprise a small percentage and are programmed to be at 6.2 per cent by FY 1978.

Finally, the Defense Manpower Commission's report is more than just another boondoggle, a waste of $2 million in taxpayers' money. It represents, instead, the utter inability of the government to recognize the human costs at home of a world-embracing military mission.

Ultimately, the death of Pvt. Lynn McClure is no more an aberration than was Vietnam. Racism, sexism, the inequities in rank, the harshness of training, the lack of democratic rights, the boredom, isolation and senselessness of foreign duty, the endless bad discharges, are all more than just manpower and personnel "problems," to be managed from above, or cured by effective "leadership." The soaring costs are more than the result of too much pay for privates. Only a radical redefinition of American interests and military policy will cure what ails the armed forces. After the self-congratulatory hubbub of the Bicentennial and the elections has subsided, the Congress and possibly a new administration had best begin a careful re-examination of the U.S. military. The need for reforms is well documented over a decade of war and unrest. As the bumper sticker says, "Ask a Marine." Certainly, the Defense Manpower Commission Report, and the Pentagon manpower studies on which it rests, will not give you the answer. □

'SOMETHING THAT HAD TO BE DONE'

BLACK COPS IN THE SOUTH

PAUL DELANEY

I first became aware of the police when I was a boy of 7 or 8 in Montgomery, Ala. Their faces were always white; their reputation, bad. It was meant to be that way. In those days that kind of knowledge just sort of came to you. From somewhere, I learned that two Montgomery plainclothes men were known to slap blacks around for no apparent reason other than to put the fear of God in all of us. And if a few slaps didn't do the job, those two men were ready to kill blacks. That pair, and all policemen, were to be avoided at any cost. I can't remember having a single encounter with a policeman when I was a youngster, not even to ask directions.

One incident sticks in my mind: I was bicycling with a friend on a dry, intensely hot Montgomery day, when his uncle drove past, blew his horn and waved to us. Suddenly a police car appeared, pulled his uncle's car over and asked to see his driver's license.

The uncle was a quiet, handsome insurance salesman whom I admired because he always wore a shirt and tie. When he asked why he had been stopped, the officer reached through the window and slapped him, yelling, "Shut up, nigger." My friend and I turned and rode away. We never said a word about the incident to each other or his uncle.

Nevertheless, my contact with Southern white officers was mild, compared to the direct abuse suffered by other blacks. That kind of experience was what accounted for the deep distrust that many blacks harbored against the police, a distrust that continues to this day in some black communities.

When the civil rights movement began in 1960, there were few blacks on Southern police forces and those few were essentially powerless. Departments that did employ any blacks kept them from patrolling in white neighbor-

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hoods or in downtown areas and denied them the authority to arrest whites. Being a policeman under those conditions was a frustrating and at times humiliating job.

Today almost every Southern city with a sizable black population has black officers on its police force. They work at downtown intersections, ride side by side with white officers, and arrest any lawbreaker, anywhere. The image of black Southern cops has changed radically—from that of a tightly constrained force whose sole duty was to keep the black ghetto in its place to that of dignified, disciplined officers expected and able to serve the entire community. The change—in image and reality—has been a major factor in the South's emergence into a new era of race relations.

A decade or so ago, black policemen were in effect amateur social workers. They cooled tempers in honky-tonks and bars, patched up family quarrels, tried their best to avoid making an arrest. When they did arrest someone, they usually could not transport their prisoner to jail; that job was for a white officer. And when black cops went to court to testify in a case, they were often treated disrespectfully by the judges and other court officials who theoretically were part of the same structure of law enforcement and justice.

As Southern blacks achieved the vote and political power, especially in the rural areas, the first offices they sought were the law-enforcement positions. In predominantly black Lowndes County, Ala., blacks seemed satisfied with taking over the post of sheriff, leaving the white minority to run the rest of the county, as it always had. Sheriff John Hulett says the county had a notorious history of brutality and lynchings; therefore, controlling the sheriff's office "was a high priority and very important for us to get whites off our backs so blacks could walk down the road without fear."

The change has produced a different breed of black cop. Wearing his Afro hairdo as a symbol, he fully expects to participate in all operations of the department and to take advantage of every opportunity, from choice assignments to promotions all the way up the command ladder. "We took more crap than the younger blacks will take today," admits J.D. Hudson, former policeman and now director of the Atlanta Bureau of Correctional Services. To press his expectations and demands, the young black cop of today is organized into black patrolmen's groups in many cities, and he has taken legal steps and other action, such as through the United States Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, to place more blacks on the force and promote those already there.

Ironically, the advances they have made in the station house have created problems for these cops in the black community, where a decade ago they were respected, sympathized with, and welcomed as a happy change from their racist counterparts. During the early 1970s, and to a lesser degree today, the positive image of the black policeman has been tarnished by the suspicions of his friends and neighbors. Activists often accuse black cops of selling out to the white man and joining in the suppression of black rights and aspirations. For veterans of the upward struggle within the police ranks, this has been a bitter pill.

The Joint Center for Political Studies, a Washington-based research organization, reports that in 1975 only Florida, North Carolina and South Carolina, of the traditional eleven Southern states, were without a single black elected law-enforcement official (if the Border States were included to make up the seventeen states of the Old Confederacy, Oklahoma would be added to the list of those without such officials). Atlanta stands alone among major cities, North or South, in having a black police chief, black public safety director and blacks in control of police decision making.

In a way, Atlanta almost single-handedly set the tone for change in the South. The city served as headquarters of the early civil rights movement when both the Southern Christian Leadership Conference of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and the youngsters of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee chose it as the base for their operations. By the early 1960s, Atlanta's black leadership had already achieved a status and sense of political power that their opposite numbers in some cities are still struggling for today.

Herbert T. Jenkins was police chief of Atlanta when the change began. Now retired, he recalled recently that blacks were pressing the administration of Mayor William B. Hartsfield, just as they did his predecessor, to break the tradition of black tokenism on the police force in return for the support the blacks had provided, and in recognition of their growing political power.

"Finally, an ordinance was introduced to the Board of Aldermen to hire eight Negro officers, but the board refused to vote on it until the chief made a recommendation," Jenkins said. "It was a major controversy. The Ku Klux Klan filed a suit to try to prevent it, but the Georgia Supreme Court wisely ruled that it was an administrative matter for the Atlanta Police Department.

"Even some blacks didn't want black officers. These were just backward-thinking people who had been adversely affected by the system of segregation. The pressure on me was tremendous; I got all kinds of threatening calls. . . . One caller said he was going to shoot me on sight. I told him, 'if you shoot at me, you'd better hit me first, you S.O.B., because if you don't I'll kill you.'

"We made it very clear that the Mayor, the aldermen and the city were behind the decision. I made the recommendation, but I softened it by saying it was only on a temporary basis and the eight men would patrol only in the black community."

J.D. Hudson was one of the eight. So was Howard Baugh, now a major on the force. Hudson, a thin, wiry and ambitious college student, did not want to be a cop but urged his fellow students to take the examinations for the force. They insisted that he practice what he preached. He came out with top scores, and accepted the job at the urging of black leaders in the community. Baugh, on the other hand, was cut out to be a cop. He had been a Marine sergeant in World War II, and had the demeanor and temperament of a drill instructor. He was a man used to taking and giving orders, an opinionated person. He was also able to listen and he was patient—traits that have served him well as a policeman.

The eight blacks on the force became immediate celeb-

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rities in the black community, but were looked upon with scorn by many whites, including some of their fellow officers. Hudson says bluntly: "The department was racist. Most of the white officers had a KKK mentality. They didn't speak to us or recognize us as policemen. They were hostile. They encouraged blacks to attack us and to file complaints against us. A white officer once arrested a black officer.

"White officers provided us with no help at all, except for the white sergeant who was put in command of us. In court, which was segregated, we sometimes found that, in our cases, white policemen showed up as defense witnesses. We couldn't wear uniforms off duty, and we were not allowed in the police station."

The contingent of eight assembled and held roll call in the basement of the Butler Street YMCA, four blocks from Police Headquarters.

"We had a prescribed route from the Y to the black community and we couldn't deviate from it," Hudson continued. "We couldn't respond to calls downtown or 'officer in trouble' calls. We were not given squad cars until the mid-1950s, and then they gave us the old cars when white officers got new ones. As a matter of fact, the department changed colors from black to white cruisers and we got the old black ones that were not repainted.

"In the mid-fifties, we moved from the basement of the Y to the old horse barn after the new station was built. They cut out a special door for us to keep us from coming in contact with whites. By then, we were allowed to bring our own prisoners to jail.

"White patrolmen called us 'boy' and expected us to say 'sir' to them. They felt they could give us orders. When four of us made detective, we were assigned seats in the detective assembly, but we were not allowed to participate in the discussions. We had to do our own typing because we couldn't use the white female clerks and typists. That was no problem—we could type better anyway."

The commander of the black squad was the late Earl Brooks, a sergeant at the time. Chief Jenkins hand-picked Sergeant Brooks as one of the few whites on the force who he felt could be fair and win the respect and confidence of the black policemen and community. Q.V. Williamson, a black real estate executive and now City Councilman, says Brooks was "different" from others on the force, in that "he had a sensitivity to the black community."

As a result, Brooks was ostracized by the rest of the white department. "He was the buffer between them and us, and he took a lot of abuse," Hudson remarks. "He was not highly educated, but he was human and humane. He was completely on our side, and I'm still not certain if he was driven to that position by the reaction of white officers or whether he felt it deep down."

But it was in the black community that the officers received their greatest consolation. Says Howard Baugh, now soon to retire from a police career he describes as "the most rewarding any person could have": "We were celebrities. We were recognized in the community everywhere we went. Police officer was considered a good job, so we enjoyed status. We had the support of leaders and the people, and this made policing the community easier for us."

Baugh says that, as detectives, he and his partner, C.J. Perry, one of the original eight and now a captain, solved "every single case we worked on, and we had a lot of help and cooperation from the community. The people wanted to help us to succeed. There wasn't the animosity against us that there was against white officers."

Both the black community and black cops got a major psychological lift in 1961, when Jenkins issued an order permitting black cops to arrest whites. He had been in the middle of a raging controversy over the issue, with the black community on one side and small but vociferous white groups on the other.

"It was nearly as controversial as the original hiring of Negro policemen," Jenkins recalls. "There had been a lot of borderline cases, but the black officers were arresting whites. I got a call one night from a couple of them who had found a black prostitute and white man in bed and the officers wanted to know how to handle it. Also, a Klansman called me and asked me how I would like it if my wife was arrested by a black officer. I told him, 'Hell, I wouldn't want her arrested by a white officer either.'" The black cops made the arrest.

With that victory and with the civil rights movement in full swing, law enforcement in the South moved almost overnight into a new era, with Atlanta setting an example for the rest of the region.

Greenville, Miss., is a quiet, clean delta town on the Mississippi River. Although it was caught up in the tide of "the Movement," with numerous civil rights demonstrations, the town never suffered the notoriety of Jackson, or Selma, or Albany. Police Chief Frank C. Skinner says the town has had blacks on the force since the 1940s. He says there were eight on a force of fifty-five in 1966. At present nineteen of the seventy-one officers are black.

C.G. Ward, a black Greenville attorney, says the racial climate in the delta "always was much better than the rest of Mississippi and some other places in the South." He gives much of the credit to the local newspaper, the *Delta Democrat-Times*, and to Bill Burnlee, the current Mayor who was then police chief. Burnlee kept the police from making mass arrests and from creating major confrontations. He kept the lines of communications open between blacks and whites. "He knew that local business couldn't stand a boycott and didn't want any problems. When he ran for mayor, he got 80 per cent of the black vote."

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Chief Skinner, 37, a cop since 1962, says he has witnessed a significant change in the make-up of county and town law-enforcement units in that section of the delta. "I can't think of an agency in this area that doesn't have at least one black"—in contrast to a decade or so ago when most had none. The highest ranking black officer on the Greenville force today is a lieutenant. However, the acceptance of Greenville blacks in law enforcement contrasts with their acceptance in other areas. Education, for example. As blacks in the town of 45,000 put "support public schools" bumper stickers on their cars, whites continue to flock to such private, segregated schools as the Central Delta Academy and the Leland Academy.

Greenville's experience with racism in law enforcement is mild compared to that of Jackson, the state capital. Ed Wansley, 32, a plainclothes man with the youth division of the Jackson Police Department, remembers when blacks would cross to the other side of the street rather than pass a white policeman walking down Lynch Street. Wansley himself once took part in demonstrations, and was arrested during protests. He never thought he would wind up on the force he once considered ultra-repressive.

"But in 1971 I was living in Philadelphia, and the company I was working for folded," Wansley says. "I called my brother in Jackson and was told that things had changed 180 degrees. I came back, filled out an application for police work, and to my surprise found the department pursuing me rather than the other way around. I was apprehensive because of the whole history of police-black relations. But I am now glad I did. The department is good, although there is still a lot to be done."

Wansley points out that "the younger officers, black and white, but especially white, are nothing like what they were in the old days. Then the average white officer was a big redneck bully who could use only his brawn, because he had no brains. Today, the majority of officers have a better education, many with some college and some with degrees in criminal justice. I have thirty hours to do for a degree. Blacks no longer scratch their heads and say 'yes sir, boss.' They demand respect and they get it." There is a 100 per cent change on the Jackson force.

The ranking black on Jackson's force is Sgt. Robert J. White, superintendent of the youth division. A slow-talking, soft-spoken, affable man whose stomach pokes from under the sweater he wears, he has been on the force for nine years. He saw the changes that Wansley refers to as they came. And when they did not come fast enough, he did something about it. Two years ago, Sergeant White filed a complaint about promotions with the civil rights division of the U.S. Department of Justice. And the department filed an overall suit against discrimination by the city government. The city consented to a decree providing, among other things, that for every white promotion there should be a black promotion. Promotions have been frozen recently, but Chief Lavell Tullos says he soon will announce the promotion of seven white and seven black sergeants to lieutenant. Sergeant White hopes to be among them.

During the civil rights movement, two cops in particular personified the struggle. One was black, Howard Baugh of Atlanta; the other was white, Eugene "Bull" Connor, police commissioner of Birmingham.

Night after night, national TV audiences watched those two men handle demonstrators and demonstrations. Connor, confronting mass marches in the spring of 1963, used water hoses and police dogs on groups that included elderly people and elementary-school children. It was a no-win tactic that added fuel to the demonstrations and earned Birmingham a reputation it is only now overcoming. Other police officials put their towns on the map in a similar way; Jim Clark of Selma was a notorious example.

Howard Baugh's methods were different. He developed them during intense protests against segregation at Leb's restaurant in downtown Atlanta in 1964. Baugh perhaps was representative of the positive physical presence and mental attitude of black cops during the movement. He considered his task distasteful, but did it. Better him than a white cop, he reasoned.

Seven years earlier, Baugh had performed another task that tore him up inside. He had to order the arrest of twenty-five black ministers who had violated a city ordinance by taking seats designated for whites only on city buses.

"Chief Jenkins said he wanted me to make the arrests, and I protested that I would not do it," Baugh recalls. "He then said if I didn't do it, he'd send the biggest, burliest redneck cop to do it. He knew I wouldn't allow that. I caught hell from many people in the black community, and I felt like hell over it. But the irony of the whole thing was that it was all staged, I learned later. It was a setup between city and black leaders to get a test case to take to court. Jenkins knew that, but he didn't tell me."

Jenkins later chose Baugh to take command of the units at Leb's, the biggest assignment a black officer had yet been given. "We didn't run in with night sticks and pistols drawn," Baugh says. "We allowed those demonstrators who did not want to go to jail to leave. We didn't drag them by the hair to paddy wagons, and we kept away Klan demonstrators.

"But I still felt like hell. I had a sense of guilt in one respect and a sense of dedication in another. I felt bad about arresting black folks who were demonstrating at a restaurant that was conducting business unconstitutionally."

Another assignment Baugh had was guarding Dr. King when the rights leader was in Atlanta. Baugh disagreed with demonstrations, but felt their goals were honorable. He also disagreed with Dr. King, especially when the leader came out against the war. When the Marine veteran could no longer restrain himself, he went to Dr. King. "I told him I was disenchanted with him for coming out against the war. I thought we had a right to be in Vietnam. I asked him how the hell could he advocate people not to fight for their freedom. . . .

"He said that if he were going to be an advocate of nonviolence, he had to go all the way; therefore he could not advocate nonviolence in this country and fighting in Vietnam.

"When I left him, something came over me. I was a completely changed man, even my views on policing. For

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example, when I was arresting a person I felt I had to be absolutely right in taking away this person's freedom."

As the civil rights movement turned more militant in the middle and late 1960s, black cops found themselves in a predicament they had not faced seriously before: to black militants, the blue uniform became an ugly symbol, and black faces in blue were as much "pigs" as their white counterparts. "It really got nasty for us," Baugh recalled. "It took getting used to, being spat on and called a pig. I didn't mind whites doing it, but it really hurt when blacks said it."

At the same time that they were haranguing black cops, however, militants were also demanding community control of police and calling for more black policemen. The pressure paid off. Almost every department stepped up its recruitment of blacks. Some of the additions to the force inevitably came from the ranks of those making the demands, thus bringing to the force a different breed of officer, and a different attitude toward race. Recently, a major issue in Jackson was the complaint by black cops about discrimination in assignment of interracial details: white superior officers did not hesitate to team up black females and white male officers, but would not assign a black male and white female together. Chief Tullos says he solved the matter by issuing an order barring discrimination in any assignment.

Older black officers feel they laid the groundwork that made it easier and smoother for the younger generation. And some of the old-timers feel they paid their dues in both the white and black communities. Says Baugh: "My family caught hell. It was most difficult for my son to decide which side he wanted to be on. He tried the Black Panther side, and then he tried the police side. He's been a cop now for seven years.

"Our social life was cut down 99 per cent, but my wife never whimpered. She stayed with it, and still does. It was a loneliness very few men have to live with. But it was something that had to be done." □

POLITICAL IMPASSE IN ITALY

ROBERT E. PROCTOR

Venice

Discussing in advance the Italian parliamentary elections of late June, political commentators both in Italy and abroad were strongly agreed on one point: of all the changes possible from these elections, the very worst would be no change at all. And that is exactly what seems to have happened. The Christian Democratic Party's (DC) recovery at the polls has offset the strong and expected Communist (PCI) advance. The PCI won 34.4% of the vote in the contest for the Chamber of Deputies, an increase of 2.4% over the party's strong showing in the regional elections a year ago and an incredible increase of 7.2% since the last national parliamentary elections in 1972. But the DC polled 38.7%, thus recuperating from last June (when it fell to 35.5%) and winning exactly the same percentage of votes it had won in 1972. Political life thus appears to have become stalemated in Italy, the bulk of the nation being split between two large opposing parties, neither of which, however, is close to holding an absolute majority. For elections billed as the most important since 1948 (when, at the beginning of the cold war, the United States, the Vatican and Italian capital waged an anti-Communist campaign from which the DC emerged with 48% of the vote and began its thirty-year rule of Italy), these results seem depressingly inconclusive. One senses perplexity, at times anger and frustration, epitomized by the observation, common here, that while Italy appears more ungovernable than before, another round of elections would solve nothing.

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But those statesmen and political commentators in the capitalist countries of the West who breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that the Italian Communist Party did not win a majority of the votes had better look at the results again: the Center and the Right have lost ground, while the Left has emerged from these elections stronger than ever (the Communist, Socialist and far Left parties polled 46.6% of the vote). This slow but steady shift to the Left has characterized Italian elections ever since 1948. It has received much attention of late because it has become so rapid and dramatic, and since it reflects the deepening crisis of Italian capitalism and the growing intensity of popular protest within Italian society, it is bound to continue.

At the political level, only three possible coalitions will now provide viable governments in Italy: an alliance of Christian Democrats and Socialists (PSI), a new Center-Left government (DC-PSI plus the Social Democrats and Republicans), or the famous "historical compromise" proposed by the Communists (DC-PCI). Because the Christian Democrats, as long as they hope to keep the Communists out, cannot form a government without the PSI, the Socialists have once again become the center of political debate. In a sense, they are responsible for the present crisis, since they brought about early elections by withdrawing their support from the previous minority DC-Republican (PRI) government. The Socialist vote fell from 12% in the regional elections last year to 9.6%, exactly what it won in the 1972 elections, and the party is now fighting for its life. It had hoped to do much better, so as not to be crushed between the PCI and the DC, but its participation in the do-nothing Center-Left coalition governments from 1963 on has discredited the

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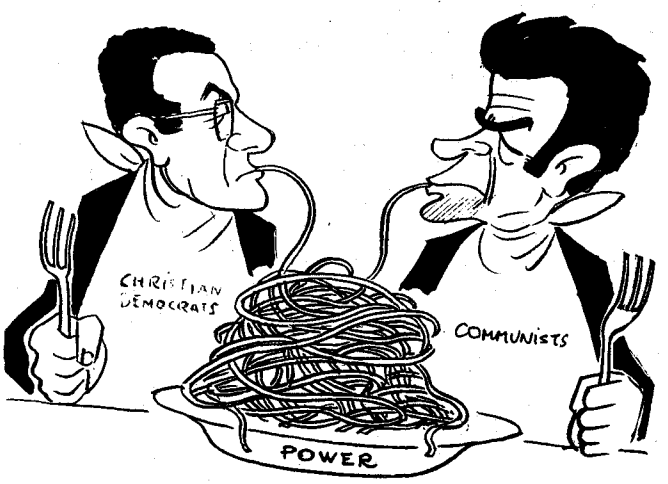

Padry, Le Herisson (Paris)

Socialists in the eyes of many voters. The PSI remains, nonetheless, the third largest party in Italy, and it is under increasing pressure from the Christian Democrats to form another government with them. Continued collaboration with the Christian Democrats could well prove suicidal for the Socialists, and for the present they are refusing to enter any government which does not in some way include the Communists.

But the Christian Democrats, who campaigned on a strongly anti-Communist line, want the Communists kept in the opposition. The Communists, for their part, have moved the "historical compromise" to the sidelines for the time being, and have revived their campaign slogan for an emergency government of "national unity" which would include every party but the neo-Fascists in a grand coalition to save Italy. What kind of program such a government could possibly agree upon the Communists don't say.

This political impasse has arisen, in part, from a significant change in the voting habits of the Italian electorate. The DC was able to regain votes and maintain itself as the nearest thing to a majority party in Italy only at the expense of two of its traditional allies in the Center and on the Right: the Social Democrats (PSDI) and the Liberals (PLI). The PSDI fell from 5.1% of the vote in 1972 to 3.4%, while the PLI's losses were even greater: from 3.9% to 1.3%. These are bourgeois and petit bourgeois lay parties which for years have been well-nigh indistinguishable from the DC in their politics and programs. That the DC was able to maintain its political strength only by taking voters away from its small allies and, to a lesser extent, from the neo-Fascist Italian social movement, means that it has continued to lose its working-class and peasant base to the Left, and is becoming sociologically what for years it has been politically: the party of the Italian bourgeoisie. Indicative in this respect was the decision of the Agnelli family to throw its weight behind the Christian Democrats in these elections by running Umberto Agnelli, the head of FIAT, as a DC candidate for the Senate. It had been widely believed that "enlightened" Italian capitalists would support the Republicans, a respectable Center lay party, rather than the corrupt DC, but the PRI barely held its own. Italian industrial and financial interests threw their support fully behind the DC either because they considered it the only party capable of stopping the Communist advance, or because, realizing that sooner or later they would have to work out some sort of *modus vivendi* with the PCI, they wanted to do so from a position of strength.

Politically, the reduced number of seats now occupied in parliament by the splinter PSDI and the PLI greatly restricts the DC's margins of maneuver. The Christian Democrats were able to maintain Center-Left coalition governments (DC-PSI-PSDI-PRI) throughout the 1960s because they could always blackmail the Socialists with the threat that if they refused to participate in a "reformist" government, the DC could easily form stable Center-Right coalitions (DC-PSDI-PRI-PLI). Now, with a strong shift to the Left, the Center and Right area of the Italian political spectrum has been weakened to the point that it no longer provides the DC with an alternative to a coalition with the Socialists or the Communists.

Another significant result of these elections is that the DC has emerged clearly not only as the "Italian face of capitalism" but as a party that is Christian in name only. For several years the "Catholic" vote has been ebbing in Italy. The number of grass-roots Catholic groups organized around the belief that the Gospel can be realized only in a truly Socialist society has been growing rapidly. The unexpected defeat in 1974 of the Vatican-DC-directed referendum for the repeal of divorce had already provided a strong indication that, in the minds of a growing number of Italians, to be a Catholic does not mean to vote for the Christian Democratic Party, or according to the wishes of the Vatican. Now, the elections of June show quite plainly that to be a Catholic no longer implies that one must be anti-Communist. In fact, the anti-Communist Red scare mounted by the Vatican during the elections was much less extensive than many people on the Left had expected. Reasons given for this muted campaign include the opposition that the Church hierarchy encountered from the laity in May, when the Conference of Italian Bishops launched its first anti-Communist statements and threats of excommunication. It is also relevant that not only did several prominent Catholic intellectuals run as independents on the Communist ticket in these elections but that for the first time priests campaigned for or worked in parties on the Left.

What then lies ahead for Italy? If we change the question to Where are the Italian people going? the answer becomes clearer. The reduced influence of the Catholic Church, the entrance into the DC of the Center and Center-Right bourgeois electorate, the polarization of the electorate as a whole between the Christian Democrats and the Communists—all these innovations point to the fact that Italians are more than ever voting along class lines. The polarization of forces at the electoral level can thus be seen as reflecting the greater intensity of class conflict within Italian society as a whole, and this conflict may well diminish the power of the political parties themselves. When predicting the political future of Italy one must take into consideration the fact that a growing number of Italians believe that they cannot in the future

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expect their elected representatives to solve social and economic problems through parliamentary debate and compromise. Thus, much of the struggle for better living and working conditions now takes place directly in Italian society, and the governing parties increasingly find themselves in the position of reacting to and trying to contain this struggle.

Strikes or work stoppages take place almost daily in plants all over Italy. Workers are occupying hundreds of factories which their owners want to shut down or dismantle. Unemployed workers in the South periodically occupy and work uncultivated land or suspended public works projects, and are organizing for the first time in the cities, especially in Naples. For several years the poor and homeless have been moving into condemned or unoccupied buildings, thus putting great pressure on local and regional governments to find them adequate housing. Two years ago union locals and grass-roots committees in the big industrial cities of the North created *autoriduzione,* "self-reduction," a method of protesting transportation increases and utility hikes by paying fares and bills according to the old rates. Add to these struggles the unexpectedly rapid growth of the feminist and civil rights movements here, and one gets some idea of the social volcano that lies beneath the recent elections results.

The spread of labor and social unrest is so extensive, the bankruptcy of consumerism and "the American way of life"—or capitalism, in sum—so obvious to so many, that bourgeois political parties have lost all power of leadership. The most a capitalist government can do now in Italy is try to keep the whole decaying system afloat a little longer by stemming social discontent through a combination of empty promises of reforms, constant attempts to divide the labor movement and direct police repression.

Without question, this social unrest, and the deep desire for change that underlies it, is translated at the electoral level into a vote for the Communists. But how will the PCI, once it becomes another of the governing parties in Italy, try to deal with the unrest? Perhaps the question most debated on the Left in Italy today is whether the Communist vote is a vote for the party's cautious and increasingly moderate program of reforms, or a call for changes far greater than the PCI leadership is willing to struggle for.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the Italian Communist Party presented itself throughout the electoral campaign as the only force capable of saving capitalism in Italy. Since it assumes that a socialist transformation of Italian society is not possible at this time (reasons given include the division of Europe into blocs and the existence of significant sectors of the Italian population who do not yet see the need for socialism), the PCI argues that the degeneration of the capitalist system in Italy must be stopped before economic collapse leads to a complete rupture of the society. The PCI leadership is haunted by Chile: it fears that such a polarization would lead to an eventual rightist reaction or *coup d'état* from which the working class could emerge defeated. It is thus not by chance that the phrase "class struggle" has gradually disappeared from the party's official vocabulary. It proposes, in essence, what it terms not a "socialist" but a "democratic" transformation of the Italian economy, a transformation, however, that would include "elements of socialism" such as centralized planning and "democratic" control of the state sector (now more than half of the entire economy).

This is not the place to discuss whether or not such a rationalization and democratization of Italian capitalism —or of capitalism in general—is possible. (Though it is interesting to note in this regard that certain sectors of the American business and political community have also begun to talk about some form of long-range centralized planning as the only solution to stagflation in a post-Keynesian economy.) It is certain, however, that once the PCI begins to participate in a capitalist government, it will be subjected to the same sort of blackmail all previous reformers have had to face: either guarantee profits or capitalists will stop investing.

But it is another question that needs to be asked of the PCI after these elections. It is only a matter of time before the PCI will be involved in governing Italy. Even if the DC's present courtship of the PSI is successful, the Communists have won so many seats in the Chamber of Deputies that a stable government cannot be formed without their direct or indirect participation. Once the PCI becomes one of Italy's governing parties, it will be confronted with the same social unrest and deep desire for change that have brought down former governments. Will it then, as others have done, try to drive the demon of class struggle out of Italian society?

A strange, perhaps cruel historical irony hangs over Italy today. The history of the relationship of the Italian Communist Party to the Italian masses is a contradictory one. While the party has served to channel working-class revolts into organized movements for reform, its organizational structure and cultural apparatus have also maintained and sharpened the consciousness, militancy and discipline of the Italian working classes, especially in such periods of harsh repression and potential despair as the anti-Fascist Resistance and the cold-war 1950s. And, until recently, the party's reformist leadership tolerated a revolutionary left wing, many of whom are now active far to the Left of the PCI. The party is thus directly responsible for making the Italian working class into the most combative and class conscious in the capitalist West, and for providing the Italian masses with the vision of a better society. By doing so, the PCI may have unlocked potentially revolutionary social forces which it cannot contain.

As the PCI acknowledges, the crisis of Italian society is the crisis of capitalism. The fact that the bourgeois parties in Italy will no longer be able to rule without the Left means that Italian and international capitalists, in order to save their system, must soon accept the compromise the PCI is offering them. In return, the PCI will try to guarantee social peace. But it is quite probable, given the level of social conflict here, that the demands for social and economic change contained in the Communist vote are greater than any capitalist government, whether or not it includes the PCI, can hope to satisfy. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

An Eye for Quality

THE PUSHCART PRIZE: Best of the Small Presses. *Edited by Bill Henderson with the Pushcart founding editors. The Pushcart Press. 448 pp. $12.50.*

MICHAEL STEPHENS

This is the first of a proposed yearly anthology culled from the best writing from the small presses (over 2,000 such presses exist in America). While the underground press is represented here, it makes up only a healthy minority in the world of the small press. Also Saul Bellow, Joyce Carol Oates, Ed Sanders and Harvey Shapiro are included in this selection, even though all have connections with the commercial or big press. Editor Henderson mentions these names and others as *names*, but goes on to say in his introduction that "the limelight belongs to the unknown writers."

In the world of small press, these *unknown* writers are often the limelight writers for others, all of whom (limelight and their admirers) print in small press, underground press, and big press. Some representatives of limelight writing here are William Gass (with a gross and lovely poetic tale of old age *comme* a Beckett/Browning monologue), Marvin Cohen (with a prose tale about the quiddities of the human table or lap), Charles Olson (conversations with Ezra Pound), Ronald Sukenick (an excerpt from *98.6*), Harold Brodkey (introduction to a long-awaited novel), and work from Octavio Paz, Alexander Theroux, Cynthia Ozick, William Eastlake, Jack Spicer and Adrienne Rich.

While no writer, big press or small, is guaranteed a readership in these analphabet times, many of those here have received literary awards like the National Book Award or the Pulitzer Prize. Only Eugenio Montale (finely translated by Jonathan Galassi) has won a Nobel Prize, and while many of the Pushcart writers rewrite their to-be-delivered Nobel addresses, Montale is the one strictly speaking big-press poet. This redoubtable status comes from the fact that he will probably receive a large obit from the big press as he sheds his earthly form. Small press rarely involves itself with obituaries about writers or writing, but even this fact is not rule of thumb since many small presses devote issues to living and dead writers. (*ManRoot*, represented with a poem by Jack Spicer, printed an entire issue on the late poet.)

But poetry, it seems, is never big press even when b.p. prints it. Small-press/big-press Harvey Shapiro corrected this oversight, somewhat, by including more poetry reviews in *The New York Times Book Review*. And this unnatural status of poetry in America appears to be the one oversight in *The Pushcart Prize*. Any poet printed in America is small press, and for that reason more poetry should have appeared by John Ashbery (another NBA winner), the late Paul Blackburn (an Olympian figure in small and underground presses), Carl Rakosi, the late Charles Reznikoff, George Oppen, Gilbert Sorrentino and a Gotham bookmartful of good and great poets.

This poetry oversight creates the false illusion about the powers of the Pushcart prose, and the prose is strong enough not to need a false comparison to jettison it. The prose, with a few exceptions, is strong and original, and much of it is indebted to contemporary poetry. William Gass's story "I Wish You Wouldn't" begins: "Mr. Hess said, his hat turning slowly between his knees." This certainly is a rhetorical gadget that Robert Duncan and the former LeRoi Jones utilized and refined in the late 1950s. Ed Sanders's "The Mother-in-Law" reads like a prose extension of anarchic poems in his book *The Toe Queen*.

Included in *The Pushcart Prize* are essays about fiction in the small press and essays *comme* fiction *à la Borges* about the writing of the small press. As the reader will readily see, small press thrives upon and projects an essence as undefined as existential terror or transcendental joy. More than man or beast, thing or shadow-object, the small press is a bluebird of multiple pursuit, the Loch Ness monster of big press. The small press resembles big press in the manner of an illegitimate offspring out to embarrass a neglecting parent. The bastard often apes the parent by printing junk, and it possesses an orphan's charm and bitterness about ego. Yet the most subtle differences between parent and child are their respective senses of quality. (Each indulges in too much quantity.) The bastard invariably knows why it prints good writing, and the parent only prints good writing as an afterthought to commerce. But the small-press bastard is also phoenixlike, and appears at times to be rising out of the ashes of big-press publishing. (Item: this reviewer, having printed books with both commercial and small presses, received only royalties from small press, and only small press, *Mulch*, has kept the book in print.)

The *Pushcart* anthology panders to no ideology or tastes. Its catholicity comes from considering hundreds and hundreds of submissions, with the sole criterion that the work must have appeared in the small press. Economics do not enter into aesthetics as they so often do in commercial press. *If it sells* has been replaced by *if it is good, print it*. Instead of atrophied prose-weary texts from the know-nothing press, the anthology consists of backbone risks, bare-assed assertions, and bony-kneed innovations. Chief editor Henderson writes in his introduction: "Not since the Paris of Hemingway, Pound and Joyce has so much talent been invested in small presses in every country of the world. The modern small presses publish because of enlightened individualism or, in a few instances, sheer cussedness. They also answer a variety of situations, such as political oppression—the Russian *samizdat* network that nourished Solzhenitsyn for instance—or because of commercial exclusion: the American do-it-yourself tradition that encouraged Anaïs Nin and Stewart Brand and small press immortals such as Thomas Paine, Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, Stephen Crane, Upton Sinclair and Carl Sandburg." And also our unknown, limelight writers, mentioned in this review, *passim*.

Once the unknown are published the issue of small and big press disintegrates, like the vacuous terms major and minor poet, older or younger poet, and so many meaningless bifurcating phrases. *Pushcart Prize* should be read for the simple reason that it has thought both the known and the unknown, as long as their work was good, a worthy literary commitment. So simple! And yet no one

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Michael Stephens published a novel Season at Coole *(Dutton) with a commercial press, and* Paragraphs *(Mulch, 1974) with a small press. His next book* Tangun Legend, *a long poem about Korea, is due in December from Seamark Press, Iowa City, Iowa.*

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really thought of that before. Not *American Review*, nor Martha Foley, nor the O. Henry Awards. There is always the feeling with these other anthologies that some backroom nudging came from Big-Press-in-the-Sky.

There are pieces in *Pushcart Prize*, like the essay about alcoholics and poetry from the *American Poetry Review* that anyone could live without: "Alcohol has played a role in American letters." And so have fountain pens and the small press! David Kranes's "Cordials" from *TriQuarterly* is a highly implausible tidbit from the feminine reader's vantage, and I am sure it will cause more anger than, as the editor suggests, "bitter sweet laughs." But Henderson and the other editors are calling a bluebird a bluebird when they single out "Spring" by Michael Hogan, winner of the American P.E.N. award for writing in prison:

> *Ice has been cracking all day*
> *and some boys on the shore*
> *pretending it is the booming of artillery*
> *lay prone clutching imaginary carbines.*
> *Inside the compound returning birds*
> *peck at bread scraps from the mess hall.*
> *Old cons shiver in cloth jackets*
> *as they cross the naked quadrangle.*
> *They know the inside perimeter is exactly*
> *two thousand and eighty-four steps*
> *and they can walk it five more times*
> *before the steam whistle blows for count.*
> *Above them a tower guard dips his rifle*
> *then raises it again dreamily.*
> *He imagines a speckled trout*
> *coming up shining and raging with life.*

It is as if Hogan had written the perfect jacket copy to sell this anthology to those unfamiliar librarians and booksellers: "raging with life." Yes, in a quiet raging manner like the bluebird.

This anthology comes beautifully bound and printed, with painstaking care for everything from the selections to the credits, the physical production to the more spiritual inclusions, the index, notes on presses and contributors, and general intent. I hope future volumes include an alphabetical listing of authors. □

A Hero of Two Worlds

GARIBALDI. *By Jasper Ridley. The Viking Press. 718 pp. $15.*

PETER DREYER

"Great men are almost always bad men," said Lord Acton. As a leader of liberal Catholic opinion in England it would scarcely have been politic to have admitted it, but just conceivably he was prompted to insert the "almost" by the saving example of Giuseppe Garibaldi. The Neapolitan-born Shropshire baron who was perhaps Queen Victoria's most erudite subject planned as his masterwork a definitive History of Liberty (sometimes described as "the greatest book never written") and from that narrative Garibaldi could not have been omitted. Acton and Garibaldi shared a distinction besides love of freedom. They were both detested by the Pope, who in his famous Syllabus of Errors (1864) defined as heresy the notion that "The Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to, and agree with, progress, liberalism and recent civilization." With his temporal kingdom subverted by Garibaldi, Pius IX sought to bolster his ecclesiastical authority with the dogma of infallibility. Acton, one of the chief opponents of this astonishing principle, went in literal fear of assassination during the ecumenical council called at Rome in 1869 for the purpose of endorsing it, a conclave reminiscent, in retrospect, of nothing so much as a Stalinist Party Congress. Odo Russell, the British attaché at the Papal Court, has left us a description of the spectacle of 500 Infallibilist bishops swirling around the tribune shaking their fists at the saintly Bishop Strossmeyer (who had presumed to commend a Protestant writer), yelling *"Nos omnes te damnamus!"* Pio Nono got his way by guile and coercion. No chicken-hearted pontiff he. (Upon occasion his French allies had with difficulty dissuaded him from ordering his mercenaries to use their sabers on the Roman crowd.) Some bishops were threatened with imprisonment, others bribed with the full panoply of papal blandishments, including fifteen vacant cardinal's hats. The world was officially notified that the Pope could not err when he alone defined, *ex cathedra* and in virtue of his apostolic authority, any doctrine of faith and morals. Not even the Council of Trent, 300 years before, had gone so far. Acton's friends in the hierarchy, such as refused to submit, were excommunicated without further ado. Surely at that moment the historian must have sympathized with the revolutionary who saw "that pestilential institution which is called the Papacy" as the chief prop of reaction.

There was another great man involved with the destiny of Italy: Louis Napoleon, once a member of the *carbonari* himself, but now an emperor and "Eldest Son of the Church." Though Napoleon's bayonets protected the Pope's remaining territory from the Garibaldini, Pio Nono hated him too. The Pope's great leverage lay with French right-wing opinion, operating through the Empress Eugénie. Napoleon could not afford to ignore this; but Pius had no illusions as to the disinterestedness of his protector. He could never decide whether it was the Emperor or perfidious Albion that was behind Garibaldi.

Certainly almost everybody in England adored Garibaldi (exceptions being Queen Victoria, Disraeli and Karl Marx, who wrote sardonically to Engels that the Italian "halb killed ist von John Bull's embrace"), but it was a simple case of hero-worship rather than Protestant cunning. The English, aristocrats and workingmen alike, liked his style, and half a million of them turned out to greet him when he visited London in 1864. The Queen wrote in her diary:

> The people of England have gone really quite mad about Garibaldi, who made a sort of triumphal entry into London yesterday! driving in the Duke of Sutherland's state carriage & being received by the good (I must say, foolish) Duchess, at the foot of the stairs! A tremendous crowd, but of the lowest riff-raff! Honest, disinterested & brave Garibaldi certainly is, but a revolutionist leader!

Only in England could Garibaldi have been driven to a revolutionary luncheon (at Herzen's house in Teddington) in a Duke's carriage, by the Duke's own coachman, who also conveyed him to the homes of Ledru-Rollin, officially representing the French Republic of 1849, and Louis Blanc. Still, the government was a hint embarrassed, and when Cincinnatus returned to Caprera (conveyed there on the Duke of Sutherland's yacht), Mr. Gladstone was probably relieved. The Queen definitely was. "Garibaldi, thank God! is gone," she wrote to her daughter, the Princess Royal, who had married the Crown Prince of Prussia, and was herself a Garibaldi enthusiast, confessing to her mother "a secret weakness for that individual."

Jasper Ridley has written the first really comprehensive biography of Garibaldi in English, and some of his research for the book was mildly heroic in its own way. Once in Uruguay he was driven out of a library by tear gas, after

Peter Dreyer's most recent book is his biography of Luther Burbank, A Gardener Touched with Genius *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).*

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demonstrators had taken it over as a first-aid post.

Garibaldi's career in South America is little known in the English-speaking world. In Brazil, where he met his first wife, Anita, he commanded the navy of the rebel province of Rio Grande do Sul; in Uruguay he was the outstanding figure in the struggle against the invading army of the Argentine dictator, Rosas, commanding both the Uruguayan Navy and the Italian Legion which fought alongside the native forces. It was here that Garibaldi learnt the guerrilla skills that later stood him in such good stead. It was a brutal struggle. In the Rosista Army, Ridley was informed by Jorge Luis Borges, whose grandfather had fought on Garibaldi's side as a teenage boy, the position of *degollador*, or cutthroat, was an official rank. One cutthroat was attached to each battalion: his duty was to kill any prisoners. After one Uruguayan defeat some 1,000 men were butchered after this fashion. As the *degollador* carried out his task, said Borges, he whispered soothingly to his victims, "A woman suffers more in childbirth." Garibaldi, for his part, was actually criticized for his refusal to execute prisoners. Largely thanks to his energies and military genius, the superior forces of the enemy were held off, though Montevideo itself was besieged for five years. Ultimately Rosas was overthrown by his own army.

When Garibaldi returned to Europe in 1848, accompanied by sixty-three men of the Italian Legion, he had little notion of how opportune his timing was to be. Putting in near Alicante in Spain, the exiles learnt that Europe was in the throes of revolution, Metternich and Louis Philippe overthrown, revolts in Naples and Venice, and the rising in Milan, where after five days of street fighting the populace defeated the feared Croat regiments of the Austrian Army. The saga which followed, the epic defense of the Roman Republic (Pio Nono had departed to sanctuary in Neapolitan territory), the long, desperate march across Italy in an attempt to reach Venice, where a revolutionary government still held out, and Anita's tragic death in the marshes of the River Po, made Garibaldi's name known all over the world. Escaping by the skin of his teeth, he made his way to the United States, then—*mirabile dictu*—regarded by revolutionaries as the model republic. (Almost. In 1854, the United States consul in London threw a dinner party to which he invited all the leading foreign radicals, among them Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin and Herzen, to meet the U.S. Minister, James Buchanan. Herzen described this as "the *red* dinner, given by the defender of *black* slavery.") In 1856 he settled on the island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia, where he built himself a house with his own hands. Caprera was to remain his home for the rest of his life.

But Garibaldi's work was still far from accomplished. In July 1858, Count Camillo di Cavour, Prime Minister to the new King of Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel II, made a secret deal with Napoleon III. France and Piedmont would make war on Austria, Victor Emmanuel would get Lombardy and Venetia, and cede the province of Savoy, including Nice, Garibaldi's birthplace, to Napoleon in exchange for the services of his army. Italy would be divided into four states: the kingdoms of Sardinia (Piedmont) and Naples; the Grand

COLD FIRE

How could I know
As wind hovered over me,
Heat insinuating where
Light could not go

That fire
Ungoverned by gravity
Caught, blazing
Through morning's haze,
Loud colors astounding me,

That I was a miner, exploring
Inner earth, stronger
Than eye's light;
To seize is to surrender,
To burn is to grow cold.

How could I know
That you were never
My torn half,
My self,
My angel,

And that all things—
Copper, iron,
Even trees—
Radioactive, lose
Dead heat over time,
Only emotion, the cloud's
Deadly energy,
Lingers.

Grace Schulman

FOUND

A print a leaf
makes in a bed of stone—
crystal
scoriations
let you know
the dark
rock was alive.

Willie Reader

LEGEND

Some trees are so old
they remember stars
not there anymore,

a faint dizziness
like flocks of white birds
lighting in branches.

When the trees are cut down,
stars plunge to earth
and are those heaviest minerals—

emptiness, absence,
we mine with our eyes,
we carry in sorrow.

Joan Swift

NO TRACKS

Today my feet don't follow me.

There are no echoes,
no beginnings.
I could walk to Siberia and
leave no tracks.

Deborah Tall

HOMECOMING

At night
in the wind
my wooden house
sighs
remembering leaves

William Koki Iwamoto

BIRD BEFORE DAWN

Bird before dawn,
bird before dawn,
I hear you

liquid in the dark,
long before
the light,

hear you
after hours of images
tethered

to the Great Silence,
eyes closed, lips open,
but no music from me;

and now though I lie
human in a room,
I am there

in your throat,
in the wet center
where the notes swell,

without words,
with merely a man's tongue;
and O my musician,

my April chanter,
I rise, I ride
out of the winter on your song.

Michael Dennis Browne

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Duchy of Tuscany; and the Papal domain. Alas for the scheming monarchs, the Austrians proved more redoubtable than anticipated. Sickened by the carnage at Solferino, Napoleon opened peace negotiations. Piedmont got only Lombardy, but Garibaldi was shortly to launch the invasion of Sicily which would make Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, in the gift of his most subversive subject.

The Thousand—they were actually 1,089 men and one woman—landed at Marsala on the west coast of Sicily on May 11, 1860. They wore the famous red shirts which Garibaldi had adopted as his uniform in Uruguay (originating in a stock of garments found lying unused in a factory at Montevideo, where they had been manufactured for use by the workers in the slaughterhouses), and notwithstanding heavy casualties, swept all before them. At Palermo, with his men outnumbered twenty to one by the better equipped forces of the Bourbon King of Naples, Garibaldi won by sheer *élan*. He proceeded to invade the mainland, and by September 1860, was effectively Dictator of the entire southern half of Italy. The Pope made ready to flee again. Convinced that Napoleon was behind Garibaldi, he applied to England for asylum. Odo Russell was able to offer him refuge on Malta, if need be. Europe was spared the spectacle of the Roman pontiff under the protection of a Protestant power, however, for Cavour now dispatched the Piedmontese Army to occupy the Papal States, and on October 9, Victor Emmanuel, taking personal command of his troops, led them across the Neapolitan frontier. The King and Garibaldi met at a village about 30 miles north of Naples. As they came face to face, on their horses, Garibaldi took off his hat and said, "I salute the first King of Italy." "How are you, dear Garibaldi?" said the King. "Well, your Majesty, and you?" "Excellent." Thus it passed off. Garibaldi, though urged to do so by the Mazzinians, would not risk civil war by attempting to hold on to power. A few weeks later, he returned to Caprera, taking with him only a bag of seed corn for his animals. In later years his followers would point out that this was the sole material benefit he had acquired for himself during the months when he had been Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

It would be impossible, in so short a space, to give even a limited account of Garibaldi's other adventures. During the Civil War, Lincoln's Secretary of State, Seward, offered him the rank of Major General, and an independent command in the Union Army: Garibaldi declined, saying that unless it was made clear that the war was being fought for the emancipation of the slaves (which Lincoln had not yet done) it could be of interest only to citizens of the United States. During the Franco-Prussian War, after Sedan and the abdication of Napoleon, Garibaldi called for the defense of the French Republic, and fought as a general in the French Army in command of a force of *francs-tireurs*. Victor Hugo at one point observed that he was the only French general remaining undefeated.

He died on Caprera in 1882, just short of his 75th birthday. Jasper Ridley has done a superb job of telling his story, which has few parallels in the still unwritten history of liberty. This lucid book will undoubtedly in years to come be regarded as the standard biography. □

The House of Science

THE 400 EELS OF SIGMUND FREUD. *By A.G. Mojtabai. Simon & Schuster. 258 pp. $7.95.*

ROSS FELD

Planted root to root in this novel are a bunch of extremely bright adolescents and some very fancy science. Sixteen-year-olds do animal tumor and organ transplants, work on the feeding processes of obese mice, study the effects of anoxia on the brain. This hardly startles: since Sputnik, the newspapers regularly pick up on a Jay or Jane who, at an amazingly raw age, has smoothed out a heretofore crumpled theorem, found a chromosome's fey protein, is working on a new system of probability—young mind-phenoms who have said goodby to the rude world of what-you-see-is-what-you-know and stepped into impossibly thin airs. They scare us a little, these blessed children and, obscurely, we fear for them.

Fictional children, because they have not enough past to be fully developed, generally toil in the service of plot or idea. What James's Maisie knew is instantly passed on to us, the readers, and nothing is hers alone: her job is to be all sensation, a better eye and ear. Children often serve as indicators, road signs, arrows. Skirting the insubstantial, they are what they point to. In her second novel A.G. Mojtabai has her young characters directing us to, among other things, the slight dread we have of their capacities. Science and precociousness, we start realizing as we read, aren't such a chance pairing after all. In too short a span of time, both are completely consumed: children become adults, of whom achievement is routinely expected, and a science accepted and applied is usually one barely remembered. A prodigy and an experiment: shaky acts of faith—on the surfaces of both, cynicism is easily cultured. From the beginning of the book, then, Mojtabai has us thinking.

Four Winds, a big bare house hard on the sea, serves as home base for eight or nine brighter-than-bright pre-college students who've been invited to spend a summer of communal work and access to advanced research procedures. Once the summer home of a brilliant and renowned old scientist, Dr. Alkavist, Four Winds now is seasonally overseen by the Elosons, Frank and his wife, who insists on being called Aunt Ethel. He's a surgeon with a national reputation and a moony need for young girls, and she's a childless, unsuccored wife. A short distance from the house is Spemann Lab, an advanced research center, something on the order of Woods Hole or Cold Spring Harbor, where the children have individual mentors from among the staff and some use of the facilities. In welcoming them to the complex, Dr. Alkavist urges his young knights of reason to think on Sigmund Freud who, as a medical student, prepared a histology paper for which he first had to dissect 400 eels: "Did anyone appreciate how difficult it was to dissect an eel?" These elect children do. Four Winds, they're told, ought to be viewed as "not just a house. It is a new beginning, a test case . . . committed to the methods of science, devoted to progress and love of work."

The kids don't need much prompting to go about their rarefied chores. Naomi, 15, hooked on dissection ever since she got no satisfaction from her parents when she desired an explanation of death, takes apart a laboratory animal almost sensuously: "She'd crack open the thoracic dome, neatly, like a walnut on the half-shell, and, snipping through the intercostal muscle, find everything sweet reasonableness within, all symmetry and balance." And there's Jerome, distinguished from the other half-size Voltaires by stealing off to church on Sunday and the fact that he's a covert diarist, writing late at night in the bathroom while his roommates snore in bed.

Ross Feld is a novelist whose last novel Years Out *was published by Knopf.*

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Musing over his tendency to blush he says, "Not at all clear what purpose it serves or subverts—some social code? I never blush below the neck where it might pass unnoticed. I doubt very much whether anyone else does. It's only a hunch. No hard data. I ought to watch people in bathing suits. Provoke them and watch." But there is also another student, Isaiah Yettman, Flatbush, Brooklyn, who arrives not only with a face full of pustules and his prophetic and qualifying name but also, somewhat subversively, with a violin.

Aunt Ethel can't abide Isaiah. Where she expects a clear blue flame, he is diffident; he won't heed the stiff regimen of domestic chores that she, a born aunt with none of a mother's mercy, imposes upon the students as a Spartan punishment for the luxury of their mental lives. When she forbids Isaiah to practice his instrument in the house the sounds of him playing anyway, in the dark woods, come back to her: "Her head ached. She had never felt so scorned." Except, that is, by her husband. Aunt Ethel seems to me the book's strongest character, achieving some of the ruined and seedy grandeur of Henny Pollit, in Christina Stead's great *The Man Who Loved Children*. She unburdens herself by talking to her parrot, sleeps at odd daytime hours, and increasingly devotes her time to removing the thorn she feels Isaiah to be.

With these two, the novel tunes its tightest string. Aunt Ethel's dressings-down of Isaiah become increasingly strident; she severely tailors his experiments, he's put on probation and, finally, expelled. Mojtabai, however, doesn't mean this to be only a show of random cruelty. Fellow genius Jerome, sympathetic by nature, nevertheless notes in his diary that Isaiah strikes him as the quintessential Jew. ". . . I . . . don't mean anything racial. The Jews have their Jews. . . . What I'm thinking of is a purely social syndrome. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, Isaiah stands apart. He's never lost in a crowd. Should he mingle, he'd never blend. . . . He will not accommodate. He has his reasons, enough reasons. He will not bend. And he cherishes every blow." Even here, the Diaspora. After he's expelled, ashamed to return to his parents, Isaiah takes a simple, unalterable revenge that annuls the whole summer's vanity—an Isaiah stilled is a Four Winds stopped dead. Even Dr. Alkavist, at the commencement ceremony at summer's end, seems halfhearted as he sends forth his sobered charges to do battle against the forces of unreason. Yet, though science has been momentarily quieted, and Aunt Ethel spooked, we're certain she'll return the next summer, once again more concerned with protocols than passions, with order and not flare. The House of Science stands.

If this sounds a touch schematic, it is—and more's the pity, since this book has so many carefully meditated and serious graces to it. Comparisons will naturally be made to Mojtabai's first novel, *Mundome*, which was more of a virtuoso performance; but I think it and *The 400 Eels* are not so different after all. *Mundome*, a lapidary book, had two primary and time-released charms. First the high luster of its writing (with which this new novel shines equally), a spare, balanced, apparently androgynous tone—its narrator was male, but not too firmly; the effect was a kind of slippery *trompe le sexe*, far more subtle than most female (or male) writers nowadays deliver—and then, a beat later, its desperate humor. Meg and Richard, brother and sister, live together in an apartment with Miss Kay, a nurse caring for Meg, who is catatonic-schizophrenic. Richard, a librarian by day, has dedicated the most recent years of his life to his wounded sister, a sere existence. A sort of grayish aspic intervenes between Richard and the world; when it wiggles, that's action, when its still, that's peace. "The truth is," Richard says at one point in the novel, ". . . that every word I say ought to come kissed with a quarter's worth of postage, it comes from that far away." The dimmer reality becomes for Richard, the sicker Meg gets—it's not exactly casual, not exactly coincidental. For Meg, however, her sickness *is* reality, and when she's finally hospitalized, it's as if she's been properly born, whereas Richard promptly collapses. More than the "sane are mad/the mad sane" cliché, it's executed like a dance; in unprecious, brilliantly modulated small sections, the prose is tamped down into the book's compressed frame as though with a rubber hammer. *Mundome*'s achievement, apart from the author's commanding skill, was its quietly large ambition: to make what by subject was a very obviously "psychological" book philosophical. I think it worked.

And so perhaps *The 400 Eels* doesn't really because the process isn't reversible: a basically philosophical novel like this one resists being dressed psychologically. Where *Mundome* was steadily pared down to its dialectical core, this one begins with an armature of ideas

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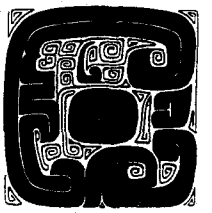

THE CHINESE MACHIAVELLI

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and works out, trying to expand. Relying on the worn technique of very short, shuffle-and-cut chapters and six or seven different narrators, Mojtabai seems to take so many pains to hide her underlying concerns in motley that they stand out all the more. The half-dozen perspectives are supposed to keep the reader off balance; in fact, it makes the characters seem to have been rented out and not betrothed to the work. While a few of them are good—Aunt Ethel, Isaiah, Jerome and a staff member's stifled young wife—none are given the full play that would allow them to stick. Unstuck, they are screens behind which one idea or another moves into place—the reader notices the shadows, and much effect is lost.

My grouse here is purely technical: Mojtabai, I complain, has been simply too timid, depending on devices inferior to her. But the reader who lets this architectural flaw collapse the book into a heap for him will miss something special indeed. Beginning with the book's stunning epigram from Mandelstam and then throughout its narrative a haunting intelligence is at play. There's one resonant scene late in the book, on a beach, during a group outing: Isaiah mentions to Anna, the young wife, that he has just seen a child following with a magnifying glass an ant's progress across the sand. Anna considers this as a charming tableau of curious investigation. But Isaiah, aware of the strong, beating sun, sees instead the insect's fast-approaching destruction, that the combination of lens and sun will leave it "incinerated." It's a solid little throwaway: Mojtabai ironically questioning not only science's inherent ambiguity but a novel's as well —novels are magnifiers, her own especially. Nor should one overlook the continually strong and beautiful language. From Jerome's diary: "This is what the heart says (and this is all the heart says)—first *lub* (at the apex), then *dup* (at the valve closures). Occasionally a fluttering at the cusps and I flatter myself the earth shifts with the same giddy motion." A teenaged Sir Thomas Browne.

So despite the novel's formal weakness, *The 400 Eels of Sigmund Freud* is still well fitted with the virtues of complex and often moving thought accompanied by a striking style. What Mojtabai reveals between the latticework of her overly wrought book is choice and valuable stuff. □

Economics and Indeterminism

HUMANOMICS. *By Eugen Loebl. Random House. 176 pp. $6.95.*

GUY ROUTH

It is not easy to think of a new name for anything, and the title chosen by Professor Loebl does not excite immediate approval. His theme, expressed in the subtitle, is "How can we make the economy serve us—not destroy us," and any serious attempt to do this in these sorry times must be viewed with a sympathetic eye. It has been clear for some time that the mental world inhabited by traditional economists was not our world. In recent years, some of the most distinguished members of the profession have taken stock and been appalled at what they have found. But the bulk of them (and there are a great many) have continued, like a priestly order, unmoved by the failure of mortal men to confirm their visions. Not many people, nowadays, have much faith in the conventional prescriptions, but Loebl goes further and asserts, with considerable persuasive force, that it is the economists themselves who are responsible for the economic crisis.

He speaks with authority, for he learned economics in the Vienna of the 1930s, became a Marxist in reaction to the rise of Hitler, was Minister of Reconstruction in the Czech government-in-exile and First Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade in the postwar government. On the fall of Slansky in 1949, he was imprisoned and so remained, with long stretches of solitary confinement, for the next eleven years. On release, he spent three years as a laborer until, in 1963, he was rehabilitated and made director of the State Bank. In 1968, he was about to join the Dubcek government but, after the Soviet invasion, fled the country and made his way to the United States, where he is now professor of economics and political science at Vassar. He has thus had ample time for meditation and opportunity to measure ideology against reality, acquiring the rare ability to go beyond labels to look into the structure of things. The result is a diagnosis full of insight and a prescription which, if not instantly convincing, merits careful consideration.

Man, through his ability to think, is able to transform natural resources into useful resources, and natural forces into productive forces. One of Loebl's key ideas is that, in this process, the form of ownership cannot be seen as crucial. "The form of ownership may be detrimental, instrumental, or neutral, but the standard of living, and we could even say the quality of life, will not be dependent on it, but will be the result of our level of thinking applied to the whole socioeconomic process." For, outside the application of patents or the preservation of trade secrets, the fund of knowledge of processes, technology and, perhaps even more important, of how to get things done, is a social asset that cannot be appropriated. It is this that enables the working class of today to live in a style beyond the dreams of their antecedents of a century ago, and turns ownership into a sort of joint tenancy, because society contributes just as much, if not more, than the owner.

Instead of the dehumanized variables of the economic models, Loebl substitutes the cell of the thinking human being. Social systems, composed of thinking human beings, manifest an indeterminism different from other systems observable in nature. Of course, economists have not been alone in seeking the security of determinism. Loebl traces the origin of the belief of natural law in economics back to the scientific philosophy of the 17th and 18th centuries. But whereas in subatomic physics, at the heart of the natural order, determinism has given way to the principle of uncertainty, economic laws are still accepted *a priori*, because the notion of undetermined economic events still seems a logical absurdity. But it is this indeterminism that economists will have to accept if they are to begin to understand the operation of the economy.

There are illuminating chapters on the defects of the Soviet model, with its failure to mobilize man's creative thinking: "It is only in the fields of war production and space production that the Soviets are equal to the Americans, but it is significant that in these two fields there is no central planning." And on the Keynesian model which, while perpetuating the philosophy of the classics, introduced two ideas in absolute contradiction to them—one for spending, even if wasteful, as a remedy for depression, the other to legitimize the intervention of governments in the economy. Loebl argues that Keynesian theory is basically a rationale for inflation, and it is certainly true that Keynes came nowhere near to understanding the perversity of human behavior which, when people do not wish to spend or invest,

Guy Routh is the author of The Origin of Economic Ideas.

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remains immune to vast sums of deficit financing.

The prescriptions, outlined in Parts 4 and 5, demand freeing the mind from the conventional modes of thought that make the problems much more complicated than they really are. Loebl sees the problems as simple, but the remedies as requiring creative thinking. In essence, the role of governments should be to provide credit to self-governing enterprises, while the present multiplicity of taxes would be replaced by only two: a retail sales tax to skim off enough purchasing power to finance government activities, and a tax on high incomes to finance programs for the benefit of lower-income groups. These proposals are thoughtfully outlined, but the answers to the supplementary questions that they suggest must await the publication of the more comprehensive book which Loebl promises us he is writing. Meanwhile the present volume, which is brief and pithy, is greatly to be commended. □

Biblical Psycho-History

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE BIBLE: A Study in Depth of Seven Leaders. *By Dorothy F. Zeligs. Bloch Publishing Co. 348 pp. $10.*

JUDAH STAMPFER

This book is a collection of studies in psycho-biography of seven Biblical figures: Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Samuel, Saul, David and Solomon. Its introduction explains the method of the book; two brief concluding statements describe the psychoanalytic tone of Biblical biography and make some observations on Biblical exegesis.

The book is an intelligent but naive encounter of two traditions, psychoanalysis and Biblical study. It is at once professionally accomplished, fitfully insightful, and steadily exasperating at what is taken for granted in it. Zeligs is a psychoanalyst trained in the Reik Institute. Her training in Biblical study stems from courses at the University of Cincinnati and at the Hebrew Union College, the Reform Jewish Seminary and, we presume, from a lifetime of personal reading and meditation. A tone of intelligent piety and medical knowledge throughout the book gives it a vigor and dignified cogency; and yet the Bible has pitfalls that ensnare a good many of Zeligs's insights. Her analytic training and practice has likewise made possible a kind of global response to character; and yet training in psychoanalysis does not sufficiently prepare an author in moving from a living patient to the treatment of a literary figure in an ancient historic text. The problem is perennial. Ernest Jones's *Oedipus and Hamlet*, though making use of far more critical apparatus, has been faulted by many critics on similar grounds. Nevertheless, one cannot dismiss trained analytic insight, when applied with professional vigor to an ancient text, even if sputterings of exasperation steadily accompany the reading.

"A basic assumption was that the story was being told from the viewpoint of the hero." This statement in Zeligs's introduction presumes that the historic books of the Bible were written simply as history. It seems clear, however, that the Books of Samuel 1 & 2 belonged to the chronicles of the Davidic dynasty. As such, the book is not simply ancient Hebraic history but history as a record, vindication and political credo of a dominant political family. The book has gone through more layers of shaping, editing, and reduction to formula than is tolerated in a modern history. Incongruous segments were introduced, like Samuel's diatribe against kingship, probably from an independent anti-monarchical chronicle. The detailed episodes have a strong base in history, but the coloration of myth and politicizing must be taken into account. The parallel to Samuel 1 & 2 is therefore not a modern history but a medieval or Renaissance dynastic chronicle, like those of the Tudor dynasty from which Shakespeare drew his history plays. The problem is complicated still more by the fact that the Books of Samuel consist of the rejoining of several versions of the same text, making continuity and repetition of episode a hazardous matter.

To take one example, Zeligs's discussion of Saul as a temperamentally submissive man, a solitary and somewhat paranoid monarch, with latent homosexual inclinations betrayed by his pursuit of David, marks the careful, detailed diagnostic work of a good practicing doctor. She moves with care from episode to episode, building her gestalt piecemeal and persuasively. The trouble is that her discussion may be not psycho-history of a figure of the past but an innocent restatement of a careful editing job, done to make a point. This is not to deny the historicity of the episodes but only to mistrust the coloration with which they are given to us.

My own sense is that the psychology of Saul is a good deal more formulaic than Zeligs allows. His increasing isolation may have been a result of his paranoia and depression, as she describes it. But it may also result from the careful editing of a Davidic chronicler, writing to vindicate the elimination of Saul's dynastic line. The parallel to this is not in known disturbed figures like Forrestal and Joseph McCarthy but the discussion of Richard III in the Tudor chronicles, written by the dynasty that overthrew him—and not to be trusted at all. The author of Samuel 1 is much more scrupulous than Holinshed. At the same time he wrote to a political formula that must be approached with careful skepticism, before any conclusion

Judah Stampfer is a novelist and critic. He is now at work on a book entitled A Landscape of American Literary Taste.

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can be allowed as binding. The material is historic enough to be taken as evidence; but a filtering process of counter-transference is called for, like Erik Erikson's self-analysis before he begins his discussion of Gandhi.

The author of Samuel 1 was an instinctual psychologist and an exceedingly persuasive writer; he gave us none of his data raw. Thus it seems to me that he developed Saul as a manic-depressive, and selected and edited his material to reinforce that formula. Saul's religious intoxication has considerable affinity to the manic state. The famous change of heart upon rejection by Samuel would correspond to the decisive shift in many manic-depressives when the depressive factor becomes dominant. Such a formula may seem a bit neat when Zeligs approaches one of her patients. What we have here, however, is not raw data but the result of a careful attitude through which Saul is approached.

Saul's relentless pursuit of David may well indicate a latent homosexual bent, but two difficulties must be allowed for first. Saul's characteristic method of warfare was one of personal combat with an army organized as a horde. He was too primitive to be able to organize a flexible strategic body, where authority is delegated, as David did with his army after a Philistine model. Saul's continuous attempt at a horde assault on David, among other things, results from the fact that he knew no other way to fight.

The other difficulty lies in the technique of Biblical stylistics. A thing may be said to be done *by* a person in the Bible, when in actuality it is done in his spirit or style, or by his distant authorization. Genesis is not a continuous series of arbitrary miracles, as the text might suggest. The pious author simply referred to Yahweh as causing entirely natural phenomena, since He is the prime mover of all nature. Similarly, many of the Psalms attributed to David were simply written in his spirit or following his inspiration. The army pursuing David was under Saul's orders; this in no way proves Saul's continuous bodily presence throughout the campaign.

All this is not to cancel out Zeligs's root insight of latent homosexuality as governing Saul's behavior to David. But her vantage point of naive diagnosis is not the most desirable one from which to approach an ancient text. Indeed, the failure to guard against counter-transference shows itself in the slippage from insight to pieties and back to insight. Her discussion of Abraham, approaching him as a study in fatherhood, seems based on his emblematic role as father of the Hebrew faith. On psychological ground, his story no more constitutes a study of fatherhood than do the stories of Isaac or Jacob, who also evolved in a struggle with their children. Indeed, the adult careers of Saul and David have such strong elements of tragic fatherhood, that this might be called a major theme in the Old Testament. Such pietistic formulations are the more exasperating because Zeligs is so very insightful when practicing her craft as an analyst.

Zeligs's method is Freudian. This is unfortunate because a dense layer of narrative material seems to be mythic, and calls for other than a Freudian approach. I have found the Jungian approach exceedingly suggestive in dealing with Biblical material, even if it has been a minor school in American psychotherapy. I rather missed it here. In her discussion of Jacob wrestling with the angel, for example, Zeligs conceives the antagonist as representing the angry father, Jacob's own id-strivings, and a figure of death. I am skeptical of such a disparate medley of emblems. Unless one has a complex structure of ambivalence, to explain a dream figure as simultaneously representing the unconscious id and a punishing father sounds like a fishing expedition. And neither reading deals with the mysterious refusal of the figure to give its name. A Jungian reading would interpret the struggle as one between the ego and the archetypal figure of the Shadow, who cannot be named and who turns demonic if repressed too systematically.

Yet for all its limitations, Zeligs's book is valuable in helping to cut a Gordian knot in Biblical study. The trend has been increasingly to find a substratum of historicity in the Biblical narrative. We now know that writing was widely practiced during or shortly after the days of David. Elements of archaeological lore suggest a substratum of history for the patriarchal material. But if the Biblical characters were historic figures, then Semitic linguistics is an inadequate discipline with which to deal with their historic drama.

It is thus a refreshing shock to have a skilled and practicing psychoanalyst plunge into the text and diagnose the characters she finds there. And perhaps she is right. Perhaps Jacob had a mother-fixation that touched off his wanderings and his dreams; perhaps Saul had a latent homosexuality that doomed his monarchy and made David's enthronement inevitable. A psychoanalytic corrective is overdue in an approach to Biblical literature. We may be impatient as we see it done by a practicing doctor; but then we move on firmer ground as we return to the complexities of ancient history and Semitic linguistics. □

A Pound Casebook

EZRA POUND: THE LAST ROWER —A Political Profile. *By C. David Heymann. The Viking Press. 372 pp. $12.50.*

JAN B. GORDON

> . . . For forty years I have schooled myself, not to write an economic history of the U.S. or any other country, but to write an epic poem which begins "In the Dark Forest," crosses the purgatory of human error, and ends in the light, and "fra i maestri di color che sanno. . . ."
>
> —Pound, *An Introduction to the Economic Nature of the United States*

There was always something anachronistic, even vaguely medieval, in Ezra Pound's various enterprises: translator of Old English verse; literary front man for the expatriates of the 1920s; hatchet man to the excesses of Eliot's *The Waste Land*; the author of the poetic pyramid, *The Cantos*; propagandist first for Social Credit and later for Mussolini; inmate of the American bedlam, St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. and, finally, in his last years, as if to complete some parody of vorticism, resident shrine in that sinking city, Venice. David Heymann attempts, first, to tell us the facts of Pound's life from a political perspective, and then to explain how the inconsistencies and oversimplifications of that political vision coalesced to produce simultaneously great art and a tragic life. He is far more successful at the first undertaking than he is with the admittedly more difficult task of explaining how Pound got that way.

The Last Rower is filled with fascinating information and documentation; its style, like that of its subject, is spare and concise. Heymann offers little interpretation or speculation and makes almost no evaluation or definition of Pound's consciousness. The book is rather what its title suggests it is—a profile—or perhaps a political casebook on Pound's life, filled with appendices, court transcripts, and hitherto unpublished documents and letters. All of this is to say that the reader of *The Last Rower* gets the outline very clearly, but the body behind it remains obscure. One must always be careful to avoid reviewing a book that its author did *not* write,

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but the limitations of Heymann's method tells us a lot about his subject and even more about the American response to the "Pound case," likely always to be better known than his art.

Pound's politics, as well as his polemics, seem even at the outset to have been rooted in economics. He was an early disciple of Clifford Hugh Douglas's theory of Social Credit. For Douglas, both war and scarcity were caused by the manipulation of the financier. His mathematically schematized panacea to halt the usurious rise in interest rates was a distribution of national dividends through central banks. The simplest way of keeping money distributed was to keep work distributed. To the Pound of 1935, Douglas was the first to "postulate a place for the arts, literature, and the amenities in a system of economics" with his distinction between "financial" and "real" credit. In one of his more obsessive letters to President Roosevelt that in the climate of today sounds like an epistolary hybrid born of the marriage of say, Squeaky Fromme and Fred Allen's Senator Claghorn, he wrote:

> Lest you forget the nature of money/i.e., that it is a ticket. For the govt. To issue it against any particular merchandise or metal, is merely to favor the owners of that metal and by that much to betray the rest of the public. You can see that the bill here phot'd has SERVED (I mean by the worn state of the note). Certificates of work done.

Behind every picture on every bill, there lurked the face of that "yidd . . . stimulant" (Canto LXXIV) that, in manipulating the growth of money, was to become the star of Pound's soap-opera broadcasts on Mussolini's radio stations:

> . . . if some man had a stroke of genius, and could start a pogrom up at the top, there might be something to say for it. But on the whole, legal measures are preferable. The 60 kikes who started this war might be sent to St. Helena as a measure of world prophylaxis, and some hyper-kikes or non-Jewish kikes along with them.
>
> (April 30, 1942)

The invective documented by Heymann, even when read with some sympathy, is astonishing. But perhaps more intriguing is how rational, even liberal, Pound's Jeffersonian agrarianism had seemed early on. Ezra Pound himself once defined intelligence as the ability to perceive the same idea in two different forms, and one does not have to extend his imagination very much to see in Pound's political-economic theories an inherent feudalism that smacks of

(*Continued on page 94*)

FILMS / Robert Hatch

A Robert Altman movie has as many hallmarks as a piece of old silver: among them, an episodic script based on a system of controlled chaos; a belligerent, yahoo brand of humor that overlies a serious purpose; a recurrent maelstrom of dialogue, wherein data useful to understanding the proceedings may be lost in the uproar. (This last aspect of Altman's style puzzles me. He would say, no doubt, that that's how a crowd of people sounds, but nowhere else in his work does he show much zeal for verisimilitude; I suspect it's just that a babbling soundtrack pleases his ear.)

With Altman, you know yourself to be in the hands of a man of exciting visual imagination and almost alarming energy, who slams out pictures in a comic-strip *dell'arte* style because that's the way he likes to express himself. In a time when salesmanship has succeeded steam as the prevailing mode of energy, Altman shows damned little solicitude for the sensibilities, prejudices, or even the comprehension of his audience. People walk out on him—five or six, I would guess, at every performance, and in the world of theatre that is usually a good sign: a few ostentatious departures signal that something at least unusual is going on. Of course, if half the house stamps out it is a different matter, but Altman is not in much danger of that.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson, is a good example of Altman's method, but not the best—so far, the best in my opinion is *Nashville*. The two pictures have an underlying theme in common; indeed, all his films demonstrate this theme, one way or another. It is to show how razzmatazz made America the great and beautiful country that Fourth of July orators tell us it is, and *Buffalo Bill* might have seemed more impressive if it had preceded the country music folk opera. As it is, after the neon, nylon, electronically amplified *Nashville* roller coaster, *Buffalo Bill* seems a slow ride.

The script, by Altman and Alan Rudolph, from Arthur Kopit's play, *Indians*, makes two basic assertions—that the white man gave the red man a dirty deal (a point that needs less laboring than Altman devotes to it) and that the Wild West, America's greatest legend, was a fantasy concocted in large part to make us all feel better by concealing how very dirty that deal was. This latter notion, also not in much dispute, supplies the framework for the picture. It takes place entirely in the permanent frontier-village set that Bill Cody and his business partner, Nate Salsbury (Joel Grey), built somewhere on the plains for the Wild West Show that became a mecca for America's first generation of tourists—including President Grover Cleveland on an old man's honeymoon. (Cleveland, played by Pat McCormick, exhibits a flair for joyous mediocrity not unlike that projected by Hubert Humphrey in recent years.)

Buffalo Bill is shown to us as the greatest carnival showman of his time, perhaps of any time—a bibulous egomaniac with a passion for opera singers of superb enthusiasm and uncertain tone, who had the good luck to be "invented," largely by Ned Buntline (Burt Lancaster), exactly when the country's blossoming industrial middle class needed a symbol of its intrepid, chivalrous, beautiful recent past. Cody could sit a horse well and from a discreet distance he was a glorious figure, even though the long golden hair was a wig.

At the time of the film, Salsbury has just pulled off his greatest coup: he has "borrowed" Sitting Bull, Custer's nemesis, from the federal penal authorities, and has engaged him to appear in the show as a bloodthirsty killer, the tableau to star Cody as the avenger of women and children. Or so they think—Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) turns out to be a small, quiet man with a sardonic sense of humor and a disinclination to say anything to white men, all communication being through a somewhat Delphic interpreter (Will Sampson, the pseudo-mute giant of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). These two are expert at expressing contempt; indeed, it is the only weapon they have left. They get badly under the skin of Buffalo Bill, who increases his consumption of whiskey and treats his current operatic lark with shocking incivility. However, it is a passing awkwardness; Sitting Bull has a short run and is killed soon thereafter (he comes back to haunt the discommoded Cody in a scene that may be more implausible than Altman intended), and the interpreter becomes a permanent member of the company, engaging Buffalo Bill in single combat and biting the dust at every performance.

At the center of all this is Paul Newman as Buffalo Bill, and that center does not hold. No criticism of Newman is implied; the fault lies in the conception of the character. It takes very little time and no great subtlety to establish that Cody was a slow-witted, vain, tyran-

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nical, insensitive, self-indulgent stuffed buckskin shirt, and Newman does the job efficiently. I have no opinion as to the historical accuracy of this portrait, but dramatically it is a misfortune. Perhaps Altman, perhaps Newman—both men of civic righteousness—were unwilling to grant their hollow man any redeeming qualities of charm, humor, compassion or self-appreciation. The best that can be said for their sorry hero is that, not being very bright, he has come to believe in the lie he represents and turns petulant in its defense when the cracks begin to show. But such a character is hopelessly uninteresting and his position at the hub of a picture which has no strong narrative drive to hold one's attention is discouraging. *Buffalo Bill* is a chapter in Altman's chronicle of the American soul that doesn't work as well as it should because, this time, the director couldn't summon up the irony and tolerance to leaven his indignation. The film is visually exhilarating in patches and some of the side shows, particularly Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin) and her understandably nervous target-husband (John Considine), are entertaining. But on close acquaintance Bill Cody is a bore. □

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POUND (*Continued from page 93*)

another former *aficionado* of Venice, John Ruskin. There is the adherence to a pre-Renaissance theory of value; the very thought of money having children (interest) is unnatural, since creation can occur only *ex nihilo*. Hence the entire capitalist system, in his eyes, was based upon a bastard child sired by the dispossessed Jewish bankers, creating value where none existed. Like Ruskin again, he came to embrace an "organic" theory of society, with its attendant conviction that there should be no difference between "high" art and "folk" art: "as the dictator dictates, so the poet creates," he once said, justifying in the process both Mussolini and a considerable amount of didacticism in the *Cantos*. As one reads of Pound's theories, one cannot help but wonder whether such obsessions, filtered through different eyes in, say, the 19th century, would have become part of a liberal consciousness? But, of course, Pound was not part of that heritage. The liberal tradition bequeathed by Ruskin and Morris, and the birth of at least the theory of state socialism in Europe with all of its accompanying optimism, had met its end in the cataclysm of the Great War. Mistrustful of that particular tradition, Pound found himself coming of age during the "decadence," the *fin-de-siècle* legacy. Surely we must not forget that the

> *. . . old bitch gone; in the teeth,*
> *For a botched civilization*
> ("Hugh Selwyn Mauberley")

wears a Pre-Raphaelite smile. The 1890s, by making life and art interchangeable, and with its addiction to highly patterned art forms, may well have been all Pound needed for his later politics. A highly ordered art surely gave rise to a different and more insidious call to law and order for the man who wanted to conduct his life as if it were an aesthetic pilgrimage.

Heymann's book does offer us some fresh insights into Pound's political life. There is the inevitable speculation, first proposed by Richard Rovere, that the poet made an abortive attempt to leave Italy on the last diplomatic train to Lisbon. The relative ease with which some of his friends, like William Carlos Williams, cooperated with the FBI in securing the indictment for treason gives evidence of a patriotism quite foreign to the post-Vietnam sensibility. And then there are the ironies: a nonfunctional Pound lying in St. Elizabeth's Hospital while Robert Frost twisted the arm of Sherman Adams in order to secure his release. Simultaneously, on the legal front, the madman's defense was managed by, of all law firms, yes, Arnold, Fortas and Porter. All of which ultimately secured freedom of sorts for the old war criminal who, once on Italian soil again, managed a Fascist salute. Yet, throughout Heymann's profile something is missing for our comprehension of the way in which Ezra Pound's life and his theories about the nature of art and the dynamics of the growth and decay of civilization feed one another. Behind all of the facts, the letters to Mussolini and Roosevelt, the court transcripts, and the psychiatrists' reports lurks an enigma that is outside of Heymann's interests.

Those of us accustomed to the liberal and occasionally radical poetic rhetoric of contemporary poetry are simply uneasy with the awful truth: namely, that the colossi of modern poetry—Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Stevens—all had remarkably conservative political visions that resisted any call to disorder and fragmentation, be it from the would-be avengers of Jacques Mollay or from some *estaminet* of Antwerp. These were, for better or worse, men who believed in some doctrine that we might call "poetic purity," an attempt to purge poetry of its imagistic excess. They imagined themselves as "restorers" of some obscure order, and perhaps that should remind us that "restoration" is always the conservative side of a utopian vision. Ernest Hemingway once said that Pound advised him to distrust adjectives in the same way that one comes to distrust all but a very small circle of one's friends—a connection, elitist at its base, between aesthetic and ethnic purity.

The culmination of the Pound case was surely a national tragedy, yet beneath the embarrassment of the prosecution was a hidden confession or two. The United States Government was saying, in one sense, that what poets say matters, particularly if it is over Mussolini's radio. And it was also saying that someone was listening! Those two admissions represent a greater response to poetic utterance than that shared by most of its citizens. We have almost no tradition of mixing art and politics as has Chile with Neruda, Mexico with Octavio Paz, and France with its Malraux—all of whom served in their countries' ministerial or foreign services. The Pound case proved that poets do have a voice in America, but apparently, only when they betray it. □

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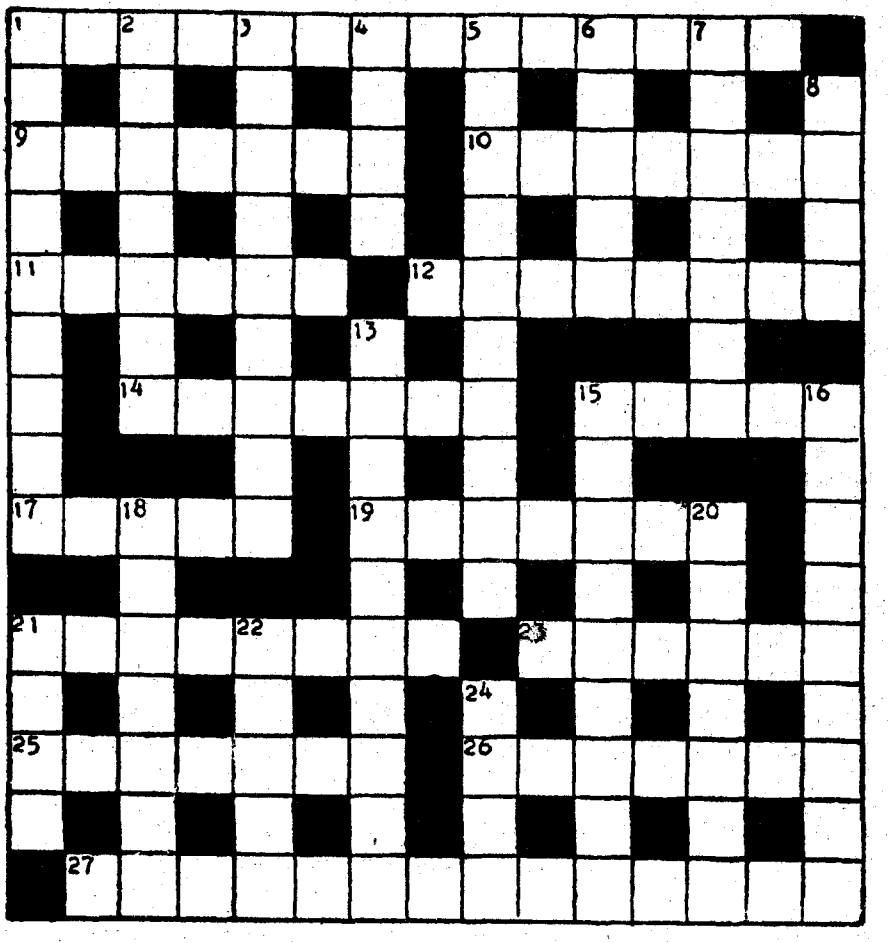
Crossword Puzzle No. 1641

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Their ties may also be British, but they get along somehow with most of us here. (5-9)
9 Not the likely crime of a potential senator. (7)
10 Benefited with a devil a bit shaken. (7)
11 Might be the sort of opus one would expect quite removed from the bullseye. (2-4)
12 Iron out the wrinkles, perhaps, and make less like a ruling about it. (8)
14 Water and wine from Bristol, possibly. (7)
15 See 13 down
17 Awkward age with the French national emblem. (5)
19 Dodo-ish? (7)
21 Checked over, if I educe it's therein. (8)
23 Get more by developing the undeveloped. (6)
25 It might be hell for 9 when spelled out, possibly. (7)
26 Struggle with 24—take care! (7)
27 Now and then we might find it the other way around. (6,3,5)

DOWN

1 What they did to a version of 1611. (9)
2 Get shot out of some quarters. (7)
3 Make a different beast into something like a mule. (9)
4 You'll find lots at the end of the Rhine country . . . (4)
5 . . . and lots here, included. (4,6)
6 Furniture of a rich design. (5)
7 and 21 down Nothing plus nothing makes this—but such things don't count. (4,3,4)
8 Border of Cockney privet? (4)
13 and 15 across Implying no affirmative answer to a pet suggestion without a pet inclusion. (4,2,4,2,3)
15 If you don't have it, there's not a single thing you're mad about. (9)
16 Gnu, perhaps, and what one might take in flight could be responsible for the blasted thing. (9)
18 American soldier, British force, iron animal. (7)
20 The suffering of people in the wrong. (7)
21 See 7 down
22 Some distance to travel in the midwest. (5)
24 What a foot inspector must do. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1640

ACROSS: 1 Hornpipe; 5 Swamps; 9 Trapeze; 10 and 25 Balance sheets; 11 Oxidate; 12 Oarlock; 13 Yellowhammers; 15 Above reproach; 21 Rotting; 22 Yardage; 23 Nearest; 24 Oration; 26 Pentagon. DOWN: 1 Hot dog; 2 Readily; 3 Prevail; 4 Pieces of eight; 6 Wolfram; 7 Manhole; 8 Sleekest; 10 Brotherly love; 14 Warrants; 16 Oatcake; 17 Evident; 18 Abreast; 19 Heading; 20 Pennon.

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